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IN order to avoid possible misapprehension of the attitude of THE NEW REPUBLIC in reference to the presidential election, it may be well to state unequivocally what its present attitude is. For the time being we are perched on the fence. To climb on the fence during a momentous presidential campaign involves difficulties and dangers; to stay there indefinitely may be impossible and undesirable; but for the present the advantages of such a position outweigh its drawbacks. To pick a candidate, to establish an allegiance for the duration of the campaign, would imply the existence of decisive reasons for preferring one candidate to another. We cannot accept the implication. While valid reasons exist for preferring Mr. Wilson to Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hughes to Mr. Wilson they cannot from the point of view of THE NEW REPUBLIC be called decisive. In the end, of course, every voter will have to make a choice, no matter how little he may like the choices actually submitted to him and no matter how nicely the respective claims of the several candidates may be balanced in his mind; but in our opinion every voter of liberal interests would do well not to commit himself or herself *yet*. A choice once made tends to determine one's subsequent thinking; and to submit to any such determination at present would be to sacrifice the greater to the lesser good. An open mind, a critical attitude towards many issues and all candidates will enable the progressive voter to exercise the maximum immediate influence on behalf of political and industrial liberalism. If such voters do not for the present go over to either of the two major parties, they have the better chance of inducing those parties to come over towards them, to seek their approval and support.

A NON-COMMITTAL attitude towards the election is justified from the liberal point of view by one preponderant consideration. Both of the two major political parties are more in the wrong than either of them is in the right. If a choice had to be made between contemporary Democracy and Republicanism by a liberal, he would, we believe, have plausible reasons for preferring the Democracy. If the same voter had to make a similar choice between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes, as individuals, he would, we believe, have plausible reasons for preferring Mr. Hughes. But he would have better reasons for rejecting both parties and candidates than preferring any one of them. American liberalism is seeking a radical transformation of the political and economic structure of the country, a readjustment of the balance of industrial power, and an improvement in the quality of its social methods and ideals. The two major parties are at the present time rather obstacles to these desirable changes than trustworthy agents of them. The alternative of working with the Socialists and supporting their ticket is objectionable for reasons admirably stated elsewhere in this issue by Mr. Graham Wallas. The NEW REPUBLIC believes in administrative improvements, in social legislation, and in trades-unionism, not merely as palliatives but as actual steps in the direction of a co-

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operative commonwealth. We are prevented from supporting the Socialist ticket because its candidate is not fit to be President and because any administration which acted on its program would land the country in disaster. The only practical course, consequently, for the NEW REPUBLIC is to work during the campaign, as it did before the campaign, rather in the interests of its cherished political and economic purposes than in those of either leader or either party. The course is unsatisfactory because it involves an unwholesome divorce between agitation and practical political action, and because it is likely to degenerate into a habit of mere fault-finding, but it is preferable to pretending that the election of either of the candidates is a matter of enormous or decisive importance. Constructive American radicalism must bide its time until there is organized a new and better political instrument of social policy than either of the two existing major parties can be. In the meantime it can preserve its independence, seek indefatigably for new light and try to communicate to others such light and faith as it has.

MR. LANSING'S note will be described as a tissue of sophistries by Mexican leaders who subordinate their patriotism to their personal ambitions. It will be characterized in similar terms by those Americans who believe all Americans in Mexico and on the border deserve insult and outrage because there are some crafty and designing Americans whose property interests would be advanced by intervention. But the impression that reasonable persons, American or neutral, will gain from the note is that the United States in its dealings with Mexico has been patient almost beyond the limits of self-respect. Modern history cannot show a parallel instance of a weak state by acts of omission and commission challenging a stronger state to war, and yet enjoying immunity from punishment. Assuming as we must that all the instances composing Mr. Lansing's recital are fully authenticated, the only justification we have had for remaining at peace with Mexico lies in the duty to endure at the hands of the weak injuries that could not possibly be endured at the hands of the strong.

ON June 25th a meeting will be held of the Progressive National Committee ostensibly to decide on the future policy and course of the party. Any such description of the purpose of the meeting is not, however, in the least convincing. No decision can be made about the future of an organization which has no future. The Progressive party consists at the present time of a dead body. The thing to do with dead bodies is to bury them. The National Committee has only to order a funeral, and the funeral as ordered should be simple and, if humanly possible, it should be silent. Silence is imposed not because the feelings of the majority of the mourners would be too deep for utterance, but because for the most part they would not be fit to utter. Every one of the mourners would be burying a part of himself—a part which he had valued, but which he did not value enough or in the right way. When men are mourning over a calamity which they have themselves helped to bring about, they do well to keep their thoughts to themselves and usually to try to think them again. The Progressive National Committee has no reason to take any action which assumes either that former Progressives recognize their leadership or that there is anything left to lead. They cannot run Mr. Roosevelt because Mr. Roosevelt has declined to run and will continue to decline. They cannot run any one else because even if they had an available candidate, they would have no excuse for running him. Finally, any attempt to advise the Progressive voters, the announcement of any preference either for Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wilson or Mr. Benson, would under the circumstances be a sheer impertinence. What the Progressive National Committee should do is to pass a resolution declaring that in their opinion the Progressive party is no longer capable of serving the purposes for which it was organized and announcing its dissolution.

ALMOST every day the newspapers contain reports of a statement or speech or interview in which some flustered priest rails at the Mayor of New York City. He is generally described as "Judas" because being a Catholic he has dared to demand an accounting from Catholic charitable institutions. The Church of Rome is a powerful and well organized body; it should at once control or disavow this attack on the elected officials of an American city. The Mayor is doing nothing more than his duty in his insistence that the dependent children of New York shall be kept clean, be well fed, decently educated, and allowed to be happy. The Roman Catholic Church, if it has any sense of its own prestige or any knowledge of the temper of the American people, will not make itself the defender of the ill ventilated, lousy, and superstition-ridden barracks in which so many helpless children are denied a child's happiness. If it regards an attack upon lice, malnutrition, foul air, exploitation, and black ignorance as an attack upon religion, then it is in all literal truth blaspheming God.

THE American people do not wish to see anti-clericalism injected into politics. All they ask of the Church is conformity to modern standards of child-care and a decent respect for the civil

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authority. They will not tolerate the effort of any church, or any racial group to fasten itself upon any activity of the state. They will not endure the revival in the twentieth century of an issue which they settled in the eighteenth. Freedom of worship is established, the freedom of democracy to care for the young is no less established. The issue raised in New York is fundamental to the life of a republic. If the Roman Church allows itself to be committed to the support of Monsignor Dunn *et al* it will be classed with the seditious aliens, the militarist cliques, and the predatory interests against which free peoples must forever be on their guard. Mayor Mitchel deserves to have the unflinching support of every good citizen. He will have it. It will not be said that an official dared to do his duty and was ruined because the people were indifferent. There is rising to his defense a body of people who intend to see this matter through to the very end.

VICE-PRESIDENTS are like men who have been proposed for membership in a club, and who are expected to keep away from the club house until they get off the waiting list. They give the house committee at the White House no help in running the show. Their official hours are spent in presiding and in breaking ties. Their leisure hours are spent like any other American's, in insisting on the genuine, accepting no substitutes, learning to drink moxie, using all doors, stepping lively and trying to have the dime ready. But our present Vice-President is something more than an office-holder. He is a candidate for reëlection. So is Mr. Fairbanks. Before one of them gets his second help of office why should not each try to assist his party in the campaign? Not of course by reasoned and moving presentation of the case for his candidate, for that takes thought, and thought is one of the exercises from which both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Fairbanks consistently abstain. But there is one kind of campaign work from which busy presidential candidates ought to be relieved, and which the candidates for Vice-President might as well take over. Why shouldn't the duty of standing in the political safety zone, of being emphatically for adequate naval and military preparedness, of yielding to none in their genuine Americanism, be entrusted to Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Marshall? Somebody must do it and anybody can.

LOWER CALIFORNIA, according to the proclamation of Governor Esteban Cantu, will remain neutral in whatever quarrel may be impending between the United States and Mexico. It is a remarkable proclamation; what should we think if Governor Johnson of California issued a similar proclamation of neutrality? But Esteban Cantu is a remarkable man, one of whom we may hear much more in the future. In all this period of strife he has kept his state peaceful and prosperous. He has kept his revenues good in spite of the prevailing tendencies toward chaos, and has succeeded in keeping real money in circulation, to the discomfiture of American importers who are forced to pay the heavy local export duties—one hundred dollars on a mule, for example—in American gold instead of Carranzista faith. He has been trying in a practical way to aid in restoring general peace. We may recall his recent invitation to the Yaqui Indians late in the Villa army to come into Lower California and settle on the public lands. It is worth noting that on the California border there is no hostility between Americans and Mexicans. At Calexico you can't arouse any interest in the question of intervention. The local view is that Mexican affairs could not be better managed than under Esteban Cantu.

CO-OPERATIVE action has scored another triumph. Gimbel Brothers, charged with flagrant violation of the Fire Marshal order in their Philadelphia store, resisted the petitions of citizens until the city, at the instance of the Bryn Mawr Committee on Fire Prevention, brought suit. Undismayed by city solicitor and auxiliary counsel the firm was ready to go into court until, prompted by the Committee, a number of Bryn Mawr alumnæ simultaneously withdrew their accounts, some even returning invoices of goods. Unconditional surrender resulted. Gimbel Brothers have agreed to begin construction on fire-walls and other safeguards not later than July 16th.

WHEN a law limiting the working time of women to forty-eight hours a week was urged last year at the Boston State House, the employers defeated it by the argument that should the law be passed they would no longer be able to meet interstate competition. They pleaded pitifully for federal regulation. When a federal law forbidding child labor was introduced in Congress last winter the National Association of Manufacturers, through their counsel, Mr. James A. Emery, opposed it with a noble argument for the retention of states' rights in labor legislation. This pleasant little game of tether-ball has now been rudely interrupted by a large and representative conference of New England women. Meeting in Boston, they listened to textile operators, candy-dippers, telephone girls and others, and to medical and legal experts such as Dr. Richard Cabot, Mr. Felix Frankfurter and Miss Pauline Goldmark. Deciding that the hours of labor for women must somehow be limited, they

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arranged to introduce a uniform bill next fall into each of the New England legislatures. What can the reactionary element among employers devise to dodge interstate coöperation?

The Mexican Tangle

IT may still be possible to avoid war with Mexico. It is even possible that the present exchange of menaces may lead to better relations between the United States and Mexico. The American danger is uniting all factions in Mexico, and this enforced unity may result in the establishment of a more stable government, with which conclusive negotiations could be conducted. This is possible, but it is more possible that conditions on the border will go rapidly from bad to worse until the only solution remaining is war. Our government does not want war; still less does that of Mexico. But the calculations of both governments are confused by a force over which neither has adequate control—the intense popular antipathy to the United States prevailing in a great part of Mexico.

Whether this anti-American feeling is chiefly due to the misbehavior of Americans in Mexico, to mistakes in our policy toward Mexico, or to the machinations of Mexican factional leaders, is for the present an academic question. It exists, and we are forced to shape our policy in recognition of its existence. That we have designs upon part or the whole of the territory of Mexico, or at least upon all the fruitful sources of Mexican wealth, is an opinion which many of the educated Mexicans share with the great mass of the illiterate. So long as our army remains on Mexican soil, the proof of our selfish designs will be held to be absolute, in spite of any explanation our government may make to that of Carranza. If we withdraw, it will not be believed that we have abandoned our designs. On the contrary, it will be believed that we have merely yielded to superior force. We shall be credited with both cowardice and greed. It is the current view in Mexico that our retirement from Vera Cruz and our failure to take vigorous action after the Parral incident were actuated by fear.

Now, the dogma of the cowardly Gringo is obviously one that we can not permit to go unchallenged. This dogma has already cost American lives. Belief in our impotence lies at the bottom of the border raids; it also lies at the bottom of the persistent sniping to which General Pershing's columns were subjected in their southern march. Manifestations of hatred and contempt towards Americans are common enough along the boundary line, and our own nationals are not slow to repay insult with injury. To withdraw the Pershing expedition under the threats of Carranza and his generals would make a bad situation intolerable. It would multiply outrages on both sides of the line and give a great impetus to the movement, already by no means negligible, for the establishment of permanent American control at least in the northern states of Mexico.

But if it is impossible for us to yield to the Mexican demand for the withdrawal of our troops, it is equally impossible for the Mexican authorities to refrain from making demands for withdrawal. Every Mexican knows that the forces subject to the command of the First Chief are numerically greatly superior to ours, even when reinforced by our entire national guard. Most Mexicans believe that their national forces are superior also in bravery and in military training. On these assumptions, what explanation could be given for a policy of tame submission to American violation of Mexican soil? Weakness or corruption. Carranza might assume an attitude that seemed reasonable to us; immediately Mexico would turn to Obregon; and if Obregon also proved "weak," he would be displaced by Trevino or some other military leader bold enough to pursue his ambitions for political power even through a disastrous war with the United States. At the close of such a war somebody would have to rule at Mexico City. Who, if not the general who led the country even in a hopeless war against the United States?

If then it is incumbent upon us to hold to a strong policy against Mexico, it is equally incumbent upon the Mexican leaders to hold to a strong policy against the United States, and these opposing strong policies may at any time lead to a war that no one in responsible position has really willed.

If war must come we should accept its costs and losses with sufficient resolution, provided that we felt certain that we had exhausted every practicable means for attaining a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Have we really done this? The Mexican intellectual is legalistic by training. In the present crisis, what blurs his vision to our necessity of defending our borders through occupation of Mexican soil is the conviction that under international law we have no right in Mexico without the consent of his government. Has it ever been intimated to the Mexican government that this question of legal right is one that we should be willing to submit to arbitration, and that in case the award was against us, we should accept liability for such reasonable damages as might be assessed? We should still hold our lines in Mexico, and extend them so far as the necessities of border defense might require. We should retire in our own good time, when the taunt of weakness had lost its force. The agreement to arbitrate might very well allay the prevail-

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ing anti-American feeling. And with harmonious relations between the governments restored, we might find it worth while to address ourselves seriously to the question whether we can not now contribute to the rehabilitation of Mexican finance and industry, without which the establishment of internal order is impossible. This we shall have to do at all events after the war, if we must make war.

Woodrow Wilson

PRESIDENT WILSON has had his day at St. Louis. His Democratic associates have renominated him with every indication of loyalty and satisfaction. They allowed him his way about the platform and about the proceedings of the convention. The delegates did not entirely agree with Mr. Wilson in the emphasis he wished to place upon the issues of the campaign; but they did not permit their disagreement to become embarrassing. It was his day, and they knew it. They owe their success to him. If they had elected William J. Bryan or Champ Clark to the Presidency in 1912, they would have long since been floundering around in a wilderness of difficulties. The Democracy of to-day is even more deeply indebted to Mr. Wilson than its forebears were indebted to Jefferson and Jackson. The elder statesmen dominated and led the party during a period in which it was far more homogeneous than it is now—far more united in spirit and purpose. The contemporary Democratic party is preserved by no similar bond of class interest and feeling. It is an exclusively political organization whose members are associated for the purpose of getting and keeping control of the government. Its existing vitality is the creation of Mr. Wilson's leadership. The Democrats cannot get along without it. They have no substitute for Mr. Wilson, no alternative to his policy. For the time being they are not merely a Wilson but a Wilsonized Democracy.

Mr. Wilson has not been a great President; he has been a great party leader. His eminence as a party leader is a clue to the policy of his administration and to the larger part of its successes and failures. From the day of his first nomination, his unwavering purpose, his absorbing preoccupation has been the resurrection of the Democratic party as a capable organ of government. In his devotion to his party he has been only following in the footsteps of his party predecessors. Jefferson and Jackson were also great party leaders rather than great Presidents. Or, if you please, they were great party Presidents only in so far as they were great party leaders; and in this respect they offered a sharp contrast to the great Presidents belonging to the opposite nationalist tradition, Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, who always appealed to something more than a partisan idea and aroused something larger than partisan support. Mr. Wilson assumed office at a critical moment in the life of Democracy. The progressive movement had caused a schism among the Republicans. Both the conservatives and the radicals in that party had become more attached to conservative or radical ideas than they were to partisan success. Mr. Wilson was resolved that under his leadership the fellowship of his party should never be similarly shattered, that no effort should be spared to preserve the unity and renew the vitality of the Democracy.

Never for one moment has he allowed this major purpose to be neglected or obscured. In the effort to accomplish it he has been, as he was obliged to be, a thoroughgoing opportunist. He has made many sacrifices and adopted many different and even contradictory expedients. He has at times flourished his convictions with reckless zeal and at others abandoned them in discreet silence; he has at times conciliated opposition at a very high price and at others ridden it down with ruthless determination; he has played painfully safe on some issues and taken long chances on others; he has posed both as the leader of his party and as its humble and faithful mouthpiece. His course has been a striking example of the agile and resourceful selection of the most available road to immediate success.

The most emphatic indication of his success consists in his ability to dispense with the services of William J. Bryan. Four years ago, Mr. Bryan had to be included in the Cabinet because as an outsider and a possible malcontent he was in a position to ruin the administration. To-day the Commoner is innocuous both as an outsider and as a malcontent. American politics has rarely staged a spectacle more ironic and more pathetic than that of Mr. Bryan at St. Louis. He was obliged to march to the beat of martial music behind the triumphal car of Wilson Preparedness, while at the same time continuing to intone in obedience to some inner rhythm his familiar personal pæans to the Prince of Peace.

In no region has Mr. Wilson been more successfully opportunist than in his selection and adaptation of political policies and convictions. He began with a philosophical interpretation of the progressive movement which transformed it into a revival of Jeffersonian Democracy. Back of the New Freedom was the traditional Democratic confidence in free competition among individuals as the most effective means of securing the public welfare—provided only the competition was automatically regulated in the interest of fair play. The prevailing political and economic abuses were traced to per-

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nicious Republican privileges, for which the Democrats would substitute a new Democratic Constitution of Freedom. When that new Constitution was actually framed, however, it provided rather for more government than for more freedom. The solutions were administrative rather than legal. All the Democratic legislation has depended for the accomplishment of its purposes on those expert commissions which the President had expressly disparaged during the campaign of 1912. The national banking system was finally pulled together as the consequence of autocratic powers granted to a government commission. Another commission was authorized to deal with violations of fair business practice. Finally the Democratic tariff, which is supposed to embody some approximation to freedom of trade, is found to need for its proper administration a Board of Experts. The same tendency spread by contagion to other regions of public policy. All along the line the attempt to find negative, legalistic and automatic solutions of public problems, with which Mr. Wilson began his presidential term, has yielded to a more active and positive attitude. He has changed from an anti-suffragist to a suffragist, from an opponent of military preparedness to its advocate, from a waiting Mexican program to one of forcible interference, from a war policy of scrupulous neutrality to one of positive discrimination among the belligerents, from a disposition to consider peace as something to be preserved to a disposition to consider it as something to be planned, tried out, bought and paid for. In Mr. Wilson's present program there is scarcely a shred left of the fabric of his Jeffersonian revival. With every development of his policy he has been approximating to the spirit and creed of a Hamilton nationalist.

Our own opinion of Mr. Wilson as a statesman has improved just in proportion as the indiscriminate and irresponsible individualism of his earlier views has yielded to a preference for responsible nationalistic organization. He is a wiser and safer political leader to-day than he was four years ago —one who has a better claim on the support of intelligent liberals. But certain misgivings persist. That the modifications in Mr. Wilson's policy are the result partly of an attempt to deal honestly with concrete problems we fully believe. Every statesman should be to a large extent an opportunist, and any policy of opportunism which seeks in good faith the public welfare and is nourished by facts is preferable to the doctrinaire rigorism. Yet these general considerations do not provide a sufficient excuse for Mr. Wilson's behavior. His brand of opportunism has not been convincing. His management has been unscrupulously adroit; his opinions have been suspiciously fluid; the reversals and expansions of his policy have been too numerous and too considerable. He respects facts, it is true, but his manner of respecting them resembles that of a general in command of a partisan army more than a statesman at the head of a country. The concessions which he has made hitherto have usually disconcerted his party without actually causing any revolt. Hitherto he has been able to count upon an accommodating disposition on the part of his fellow Democrats. They were willing to sacrifice pride of personal opinion and all ordinary party traditions in the interest of harmony. But suppose an issue were presented which required of Mr. Wilson, as the issue of sound money required of Mr. Cleveland, either to split his party or to damage the country? In such an emergency what course would Mr. Wilson adopt?

Doubts of this kind have kept many liberals from going over to Mr. Wilson. In the event of a contest between them and his party they fear he would side with his party. Considering the collapse of the Progressive organization and the natural resentment caused by Republican tactics, remarkably few prominent independents have as yet rallied to his support. They may prefer the exhibition of Democracy at St. Louis to the exhibition of Republicanism at Chicago; but on the record they are justified in attributing to Mr. Hughes a more lukewarm partisanship than to Mr. Wilson, and a larger measure of personal independence. The attribution may not be decisive as to their vote. They may argue that Mr. Hughes has more need of independence than Mr. Wilson, and they will of course require many assurances from Mr. Hughes, which they have not yet received. But they also require certain assurances from Mr. Wilson. His successful partisan management has apparently fastened the two-party system on the country more firmly than ever. By revitalizing Democracy he has necessitated a resurrection of Republicanism and has deprived the liberal of any alternative to Democracy except Republicanism or Socialism. Although Democratic law-givers have had to fall back on administrative agencies for the accomplishment of desirable public purposes, the President has consented to a lowering of administrative standards in the interest of Democratic contentment. The whole bi-partisan congressional system which is organized to suck nourishment for the local party machine out of the national resources has met with less resistance from President Wilson than from his two immediate predecessors. What liberals need to obtain from Mr. Wilson is some assurance that during a second term he will not think and act too much as a Democrat; that he will work for rather than against sound administration; that his later preference for a governing government will not prove to be as fugitive as his

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earlier preference for doctrinaire Freedom; that he will in short shed his ink and his blood on behalf of a less partisanly Democratic interpretation of American national policy.

The Superfluous Negro

TO the northern Negro the war in Europe has been of immense and unexpected advantage. It has shut out the immigrant, who is the Negro's most dangerous competitor, has doubled the demand for the Negro's labor, raised his wages and given chances to him which in the ordinary course would have gone to white men. If immigration still lags after the war, or is held down by law, the Negro will secure the great opportunity for which he has been waiting these fifty years.

The average Pole or Italian arriving at Ellis Island does not realize that he is a deadly foe to the native Negro. He hardly knows that there are Negroes. He takes the first job he can get, competes seemingly with other white men, and, as he rises to higher industrial reaches, makes room for other white men. All the while, however, he is unconsciously fighting the Negro. By filling all the jobs in the North, the immigrant forces the Negro back on the South, where wages are lower and industrial development is more backward. It is a silent conflict on a gigantic scale.

In the half-century between 1860 and 1910, the foreign-born in the United States increased from about two millions to over thirteen millions, of whom the overwhelming majority—over 95 per cent—remained in the North. Industrially they filled the North to the saturation point. In the same period, the Negroes increased from about four and one-half to ten millions. But of these, almost nine-tenths were forced to remain in the South. They were held there as effectively as though the white immigrants stood on the Mason and Dixon line, armed with machine guns.

Because of race prejudice, the individual Negro cannot easily rise above his race, as the individual German, Greek, Jew or Italian in America rises. He is never a man among men, but a Negro sharing the common lot of Negroes. And that lot is bad because industrially the northern Negroes are superfluous. They hold no monopoly of skill, and are largely debarred from acquiring skill or using it if acquired. In the common occupations, on the other hand, where numbers count, they are too few. In southern cities, in Atlanta, Memphis, Birmingham, Richmond, Nashville, Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, Negroes constitute one-third to one-half of the population, and more than that proportion of the wage earners, and are given a chance to earn their living, because without them the work of these cities could not be done.

In the city of Philadelphia, on the other hand, Negroes form only 5½ per cent of the population, in Chicago only 2 per cent, in New York a little less than 2 per cent. In almost every occupation they are a hopeless minority. If white men will not work with them, if the employer is forced to choose between a large supply of white labor and a small supply of Negro labor, he will choose the former. There are always enough white men or white women, thanks to our immigration, to do the work. The Negroes can be replaced by whites, but cannot replace whites.

The New York example proves how replaceable, and therefore weak and defenseless, the northern Negroes are. The colored population of the greater city—one hundred or perhaps one hundred and ten thousand—does not equal New York's annual increase in whites. If these hundred thousand Negroes were to leave, their places could immediately be filled from Ellis Island. In almost every occupation the Negro is numerically weak. If the twelve thousand white barbers of New York refuse to work with the two hundred Negro barbers, the latter must submit. If the thirty thousand white carpenters and joiners choose to draw the color line, the one hundred Negro carpenters must look for odd jobs or work for their own people. The Negro gets a chance to work only when there is no one else. He is the last served; his are the industrial leavings and scraps. Being superfluous, possessing no industrial weapon against race prejudice, he is forced to work for a grotesquely low wage at menial jobs, which the white man disdains.

We often wonder what the reflective Negro thinks as he listens to our orators, who welcome the immigrant to this land of liberty, to this free world of opportunity for all men. What does he think of our democracy, morality, religion, as he views it from his side of the color line?

The Negro asks for little. A half century of the contempt and exclusion which we call "freedom" has taught him to be modest. He does not look to the big prizes of life, but is content with the common things, the right to walk unnoticed and uninsulted through the streets, the right to live where his purse permits, the right not to be robbed by landlord, tradesman and employer, and last and most fundamental, the right to earn a living at the work for which his skill and intelligence fit him. Yet, because the immigrant has given us all the labor we need and has made the black man superfluous, we deny these rights to the Negro. He becomes the bell-boy, elevator-boy, Pullman porter, the obsequious tip-receiver. Debarred from lucrative occupations, he receives low wages in the occupations

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into which he is forced; debarred from living in most neighborhoods he pays exorbitant rents in the districts into which he is crowded. Thus our unobtrusive race prejudice means that the Negroes—and among them capable, cultured, sensitive men and women—die of bad lodgings and bad food, of over-crowding and over-work. It means that their married women are forced to work at wage-labor, and their children exposed to the perils of the street. The wronged are always wrong, and so we blame the Negro. If we are fair, however, we must place the responsibility of a social effect upon those responsible for the cause. If the northern Negroes have a higher death rate and breed a larger proportion of criminals and prostitutes than do the whites, it is in large part our own fault.

We cannot understand the problems of the Negro in the North unless we constantly bear in mind this fact of industrial opportunity. The northern Negro has the right to vote, the right—and duty—to send his children to school, and, technically at least, many civil and political rights. We do not put him into Jim Crow cars or hold him in prison camps for private exploitation. Nevertheless the pressure upon him is almost as painful, though not nearly so brutal or debasing, as that upon the southern Negro. The northern Negro is urged to rise but is held down hard. He is kept out of the white man's restaurant, the white man's hotel, the white man's theatre, the white man's civilization. Ordered to segregate himself, adjured to build up a little black civilization within our big white civilization, he is not given the necessary means. For a civilization costs money, and men cannot get money unless they get work.

How can a small minority, even a wealthy minority, duplicate all the costly machinery of civilization? And the Negroes are not only very poor, but are prevented from growing rich. To live at all they must work for the white man at jobs which no white man wants. They have no economic surplus with which to erect a civilization, or indeed to give more than a meagre living to their own professional and mercantile classes, who are also discriminated against and must live in the main from the patronage of their own race. That the northern Negroes have managed to progress at all under their double burden of race discrimination and competition with the more numerous, better equipped white immigrants is an encouraging sign. Their progress, in wealth, education, refinement, does not prove that they can do the impossible, but is at least an earnest of what they might accomplish if given a chance.

Such a chance seems now about to offer to the Negro. Immigration after the war seems likely to be kept at a lower level during several years or possibly decades. If, then, the supply of immigrant labor is reduced, while the demand for labor maintains itself, the Negro who has equipped himself, should find a wider range of activities open to him, and a stronger demand, especially for unskilled labor. But if the northern Negroes increase in numbers while their opportunities widen and increase, they will be less dispensable, and more able to make terms. It is the Negro's chance, the first extensive widening of his industrial field since emancipation.

To just what extent the northern Negro will grow to his new opportunities, it is impossible to predict. On the average he is probably not yet so efficient or so tenacious as the white man. He must combat certain racial virtues and vices. Yet from what we know of how ability responds to opportunity, and of how the Negro has advanced under almost impossible economic and social conditions, we cannot but draw hopeful conclusions.

Money Wanted

THE strike in the cloak industry is putting New York City to a drastic moral test. Many citizens have declared sympathy for the strikers and have hoped that they would win. Little has been done to make them win. People look on in benevolent impotence, their hearts stirred, their hands idle. While the city sympathizes, the strikers, who are fighting the public's battle as well as their own, starve. They need money, of which New York has more than any city in the world; and they are given sympathy. Unless they get money they will be beaten and all the tearful sympathy will count for nothing. The question is, "What is good will worth?"

For a policy of doing nothing there is the excuse neither of ignorance nor of non-partisanship. We have recognized that while in the past both sides have made mistakes, the wage-earners in this present struggle represent industrial progress and democracy while the manufacturers stand for a despotism tempered by anarchy. The workers are willing to accept mediation and the advice of outsiders, in other words, to recognize that a public interest attaches to private industry. The manufacturers, on the other hand, adhere to the obsolete and anarchic theory that the public has no concern with their business. They demand that the public hold off while they use the power of their money to starve tens of thousands of wage-earners into submission.

We wonder if these manufacturers, some of whom were once workmen, actually understand what this policy of starvation means. Of course it is not a literal starvation; the wage-earners will not

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die by thousands on the public streets. It means no meat for adults and not enough milk for babies. It means eviction from already crowded tenements; a moving into still more congested flats, the taking-in of boarders. It means insufficient medical care, more tuberculosis, more pneumonia. It means that little babies die in the tenements who would not have died had there been no lock-out. It means a shattering of ideals, and later if the strike goes badly a deep angry hatred that will vent itself in deeds of violence, upon which no doubt the leaders among the manufacturers confidently count. That is what the policy of starvation means—a perfectly legal pressure exerted by men who have money upon men who have none.

For seven weeks the workers have resisted this pressure as well as they could. They have suffered, and will still further suffer, but they have not complained and have not given in. They live as best they can. They secure credit from grocers or borrow small sums from friends. Every day they appear at the various halls and go upon picket duty, and once a week those who are absolutely indigent turn up at relief headquarters, and get their two or three or five dollars a week. For a man with a wife and children it is a small enough pittance, but for the union it is a tremendous drain. More than forty-eight thousand workers are still kept from work, and the burden of relief grows with each week. Though the money is carefully husbanded and most admirably dispensed, the burden is far too heavy for a union of men who are poor even when they have work. To win the strike the union should receive a hundred thousand dollars or more a week. Not to get this money means to lose the strike. The line will break at its weak points; the men who cannot raise their rent or pay for their food will slink back to work. On the other hand, if one hundred thousand dollars a week were assured, the manufacturers would realize that their policy of starvation must fail, and would speedily save the men and themselves from ruin by coming to a sensible agreement.

The whole issue depends upon money; money is the weapon; it is a battle of money. With money the manufacturers are seeking to rob their workmen of human dignity and fundamental industrial rights; by the aid of money the wage-earners are holding out against a real oppression. The manufacturers are using their money brutally, but legally. They cannot be restrained by law or public protest, but only by money; against them only money counts.

If the cloak workers were rich enough the public might perhaps be justified in letting them fight out their battle alone. But they cannot do this. Though the men earn high wages during the weeks they actually work, their small savings are eaten up during the long dull season, and only by borrowing and by living from hand to mouth can many of them make both ends meet. They were almost without funds when this conflict was forced upon them, and they have maintained themselves only at a great cost in suffering. The responsibility is now that of the general public. As the Citizens Committee for the support of the locked-out cloak and suit workers says: "It rests with the citizens of New York to say whether these manufacturers shall starve their workers into submission."

It is a moral crisis for New York. The public has set its approval upon the resisting cloak-makers and should not leave them in the lurch. The public spends millions of dollars to prevent human waste, to promote education and to express a moral purpose in our society, and it should not permit this work to be undone for the lack of a few hundred thousands. If nothing is done, if the battle goes by default, it will prove that the citizens are feebly well intentioned, and that the little cloak manufacturers, those Liliputian *Real-politiker,* were after all right in their hard calculations. They knew how much a strike costs and how much money the union had, and they also knew that a public sympathy which does not express itself in action does not win strikes. The people have the chance either to be vaguely benevolent while doing nothing, or to translate faith into works; either to make speeches or sacrifices; either to give noble sympathy or hard money. If the people desire that right prevail and yet permit right to succumb, if they do nothing while two or three hundred manufacturers, led by a few obstinate fanatics, flout the sentiment of a whole community, it will prove that the city is far less advanced in voluntary social coöperation than it had believed.

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Mexico in San Antonio

IF you wish to form a just estimate of the potentialities of any race, you naturally seek for your laboratory an environment in which the race has had at least a fair chance for development. The Italian and Russian races would be most outrageously misjudged if they were studied exclusively through some of their more wretched peasant communities; China and Japan have been grievously slandered through the occidental assumption that the characteristics of coolies are characteristics of the race. We in America, with our vast experience in the transformation of miscellaneous foreign types into standardized Americans, ought to be safe against the fallacies resulting from a confusion of nature with nurture.

We are not safe, however, and every time we are confronted by a race which presents an appearance of degradation we cry, "Here at last is a race of which no good can ever come." Just now the race whose apparent defects press themselves upon our notice is the Mexican. The Mexican problem is not merely one of foreign policy, although the Mexican in Mexico is perplexing enough. It is also an immigration and labor problem, and a problem of local politics besides. Mexican laborers are steadily crossing the border and dispersing through the country in search of work. They are everywhere in the Southwest, and are appearing in increasing numbers in the northern states of the Pacific slope and of the Rocky Mountains. Some, too, are appearing in the Middle West. Mexican laborers have found work as far away from the border as Milwaukee. There is no legal bar upon Mexican immigration. No head tax is exacted, no records are kept. Is this laissez-faire policy wise? All depends on what kind of man the Mexican really is, not as he appears after he has grown up in oppression, ignorance, superstition, but as he would be if he had a fair chance in life. Where shall we find Mexicans in this condition? Perhaps nowhere, but it is approximated in San Antonio.

Mexicans who are pure Spanish, Mexicans who are pure Indian, and all intermediate grades, as well as Mexicans who are part Scotch, Irish, German, Italian, are to be found in San Antonio. There are Mexicans in plenty whose stocks were settled in Texas before the days of the Texas Republic, and Mexicans driven out by each of the successive waves of revolution in the last six years. Most of the Mexicans are poor, but many of them are rich. As Mexicans, they appear to be excluded from nothing. They play the game on fairly equal terms in business, the professions, politics. They are admitted to social clubs and there is no ban upon mixed marriages. Is there a race prejudice against the Mexicans? A little, of course; toleration comes hard with the Anglo-Saxon. But ask an old San Antonio resident whether he dislikes the Mexicans. "No, I couldn't do that. I've been with them all my life."

If there is anyone who ought to know the Mexicans, it is Mr. W. G. Knox of San Antonio. Mr. Knox is a devoted educator, an excellent representative of the American schoolman, our best national contribution to civilization. Since boyhood he has known the Mexicans and liked them, and for the last sixteen years he has taught them in the Navarro public school, of which he is head. Mexicans are not segregated in the public schools of San Antonio, but the Navarro school is in the Mexican quarter, and of its twelve hundred pupils, more or less, ninety per cent are Mexican. All manner of Mexican children are represented here, blond and black, wee brown sprites born in San Antonio and big fellows of fourteen just over from Mexico. Mr. Knox has watched their steady advance from grade to grade and has followed their progress in the commercial or high schools, or—the usual case—at work. Here, then, is a man who ought to be overflowing with generalizations on race differences. But he isn't. Mr. Knox knows of no characteristic intellectual differences between Mexican and American children. Such differences as he notes are mere matters of degree, and minor degree at that. "At least," you prompt, "the brighter ones are the purest Spanish." "No," says Mr. Knox, "many of my best students are of the darkest types."

The Mexican child, according to Mr. Knox, enters the American public school under a severe handicap. As a rule he knows only Spanish, and his parents are most likely to be illiterate. He is too poor to equip himself fully with books, and he has not learned the virtues of regularity. As an offset, he is more eager to learn than the American child. He comes from a hovel and the school is a wonderland for him. Besides, his parents are vastly interested in his progress. When he can read, it is occasion for celebration among all his kin, and abundant is the little soul's opportunity for showing off. Of course he gets somewhat spoiled. Mexicans spoil their children anyway, loving them beyond the measure known to Anglo-Saxons. Their theories of discipline are drastic. "Do what you will with him, only save me the bones," such are the

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disciplinary instructions left to the teacher. But at home the little Mexican, especially if he is winning glory through his scholastic achievements, does about what he pleases.

But ambition, with the children, balances the spoiling and the Spanish, and if we omit from consideration the new arrivals of advanced age in every degree of retardation, the Mexican children make as rapid progress through the grades as American. In writing, drawing and music they are better than the American; in mathematics, as good, in English they are inferior. They are good at baseball, inferior at football—a matter of physique. In the early grades they are mainly Spanish-speaking, in the later, English-speaking. The finished product of Mr. Knox's school is abundantly in evidence in San Antonio. In an hour's stroll about town Mr. Knox will introduce you to enough of them to shake out all your preconceptions of white-race superiority. Wherein would you change these straight, frank-eyed, easy-mannered young men? How handsome some of them are, how fair and square they all seem to be in their mental attitude. In El Paso they say a Mexican is unreliable. Ask these San Antonio young men how long they have been with their present employers. Three, six, ten years—the impression you get is one of decided steadiness. Mr. Knox admits that his boys are not noted for saving their money. But what boys, so handsome as some of these, born to bask in the bright sun of San Antonio, would be thrifty?

They are not rhetorical. They argue as pointedly as any young Americans for or against intervention in Mexico, and have a more or less disdainful attitude toward the fiery language of old Mexico, as we of the North have toward the belated representatives of pre-bellum American oratory. All that high-sounding Latin—it's a bit disappointing to discover that it is not temperament but tradition.

At El Paso they say a Mexican remembers only a grudge; for favors received he has no memory. At San Antonio they say a Mexican never forgets either favor or injury, and they will produce authentic instances of each kind to convince you. At El Paso they say that the labor of teaching Mexican children is one of disheartening difficulty. Mr. Knox has thriven under it, and presents every appearance of a man to whom life has been worth while. Perhaps the discrepancy results from differences in sympathy.

The El Paso schools were planning an historical pageant, and it seemed to the organizers appropriate to deck out the children of the Mexican school as representatives of the Stone Age. The parents were terribly outraged. If any children were to expose their limbs and wear skins, let them be the Americans. Explanations were of no avail, and the Stone Age still rankles in El Paso. Let the reader derive his own moral from this incident. Now for another incident. On one occasion when Mr. Knox had his pupils salute the flag, he observed that a few children, of families recently arrived, refused to salute. We have heard of schoolmasters elsewhere who had children arrested in similar cases, and of juries who convicted them, and judges who sentenced them. To these recalcitrant little Mexicans Mr. Knox explained that a salute to a flag was a compliment to the nation, and not a disavowal of the allegiance one might owe to another nation. Further, there was no reason why American children should not salute a Mexican flag; and he made occasion for a salute to the Mexican flag. Since that time he has had no recalcitrants.

These are little things, and it is out of little things nations make deep friendships or great hatreds. So much is clear: if the Americanism that flows over the border into Mexico were the Americanism of Mr. Knox, we should hear very little of the ineradicable antipathy between Greaser and Gringo.

Go among the Mexicans that have been long subject to the benignant influence of San Antonio, and you form a conception of the Mexican problem quite different from the conceptions you form on the border or far inland. Here is a people well endowed intellectually, eager to learn, capable of artistic expression, with an emotional life intense, but wholesome, with extremely vital family institutions, and apparently with enough coöperative instinct to manage the practical affairs of life without the capacity for individual accumulation necessary for survival in a race like our own, unsocial, unkind. This people has fallen on evil days; progressive exploitation, followed by general disintegration, has torn apart millions of these intimate family bonds, thrown despair into hundreds of thousands of breasts, made for happiness, demanding so very little for happiness. And we on our side know only to use the thick fingers of diplomacy or the brutal fingers of imperialistic exploitation. Mexico may work out her own salvation, but she will owe few thanks to us. Or she may sink into barbarism, independently or under us, to our immense cost. For if there is one thing needed to enrich our life, it is a contiguous civilized state with something other than the real estate, railroad, banking trust-organizing interests to live for. Such a contiguous civilization we might have in Mexico in one generation if Uncle Sam could be to Mexico what Mr. Knox is to the little brown boys and girls in the Navarro school. This is impossible, you say. Why?

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

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Lord Kitchener—the Man and the Legend

A GREAT leader carries a legend as a saint wears a nimbus. It is the mark of his greatness, and of a soldier who failed to impress the imagination of his men and his country one might say that he was a brilliant tactician, or a scientific strategist, but one could not say that he was a great leader. Many a soldier who was an indifferent general by textbook standards has made a legend round himself. Some marked peculiarity of personality he must have, which serves as a peg for anecdote and wonder; it may be the silence and reserve of a William of Orange, or the dashing gallantry of a Henry of Navarre. Some noticeable and arresting peculiarity of physique is almost necessary to a really popular legend—the small stature of Eugene of Savoy, the " conquering nose " of Wellington, and the beauty of Claverhouse. If a soldier with a personality and a presence has won victories, what do his men care whether he won them by the book? If he touches the imagination, the legend will grow, and because our fancy has been stimulated, all that he does will seem rather bigger, rather stranger than the deeds of other men.

There has been nothing in our history quite like the Kitchener legend since the days of Wellington and Nelson. He was not loved like Nelson, nor was he quite the oracle that Wellington became, but he had come to seem to the masses, both in the army and in the street, our one indispensable man, our tower of strength, our unconquerable will. The handsome and slightly theatrical physique helped to explain it. The reputation for decision, driving power and soldierly bluntness was its real nucleus. It became the fashion in the days of our imperialist reaction, between the Nile campaign and the Boer War. All the current anecdotes turned on this phase of Lord Kitchener's character. He was the man who " would stand no nonsense " and drive straight to his goal, and the popular imagination pictured the Cabinet trembling at his nod. His friends and his critics fixed on the same trait. The critics who remembered the *battue* at Omdurman, the digging up of the Mahdi's head, the farm-burning and the concentration camps in the Transvaal, dreaded his touch on affairs for precisely the reason which led his admirers to call for it. The mob likes ruthlessness in a soldier, and if Lord Kitchener had possessed the kind of vanity which loves to posture as a dictator, he might have led a Tory-militarist reaction, as Macmahon and in a sense Wellington did. The people who read the *Daily Mail* and gossip in suburban trains would have cheered themselves hoarse if he had sent the Liberal Cabinet or even the House of Commons " to the right-about." That was half his legend, and he played upon it consciously. The other half was its more solid and enduring part, the confidence that he and he alone was the inspired organizer of victory, the Carnot of our hour of need.

Legends are a good basis for an estimate of a leader. True or false, they are his power, his magician's wand, and what a man is thought to be is often more important in history than what he is. On one point the legend did the man gross injustice. No popular soldier ever had less of the mingled vanity and brutality that makes a dictator. Lord Kitchener was the simple professional soldier, with no interests and no opinion outside his work. So far was he from wishing to dominate the Cabinet that he regarded himself from the first as Mr. Asquith's junior officer, and served under him with the kind of simple loyalty which the old-world colonel gives to his general. The notion which at first dazzled the Northcliffe school, of using his legend to further a comprehensive militarist reaction, was based on a vulgar misreading of the man. It expected him to demand conscription, and even pictured him " taking away that bauble," if the Liberal majority in the Commons had hesitated. He was in point of fact a late and reluctant convert to compulsion, not indeed because he had any objection to the principle—principles were not his stock-in-trade—but because it was an unfamiliar system of which he had no experience. If Lord Kitchener's unique power over men did not tell in the Cabinet, the reason was that his was the direct intuitive mind of a man of action. I have heard a colleague describe his difficulty in defending or explaining his opinions round the table at Downing Street. He always saw his conclusion, sharp, definite and firm, but his reasons remained mysterious, until he had leisure to retire to his office and put them down on paper. The legend was equally mistaken when it attributed to Lord Kitchener the conventional conqueror's brutality. A certain coldness he had, even a ruthlessness about means, and it suited him to be considered ruthless. But his great work in the Soudan was his beneficent constructive toil on behalf of its cultivators and its peasants, and in South Africa it was his chivalrous soldierly instinct which defeated the " bitter-enders," and shortened the war by many a long month.

There did indeed come a time when the legend embarrassed the Cabinet, and it might have been glad to see a less formidable man in Lord Kitchener's place. He had become indispensable, however, not because his qualities were really necessary, but because his prestige had become a national asset. The men had enlisted in " Kitchener's army." The country had a blind faith in Kitchener's magic. The

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real fact was, however, that his conception of organization was a little primitive. He was a giant who dreamed of doing all the work himself. He could not decentralize. He would not devolve his labors on subordinates. He was apt, moreover, like all men of his type, to surround himself with second-rate personalities. He dispersed the general staff and attempted himself to overlook the whole complex work of the war, strategy, supply, training and recruiting. It was an old fault, and while the legend survived the Boer War, there were even then irreverent jests about "Kitchener of Chaos." The ideal organizer is, I suspect, a lazy man with an active imagination. He schemes and dreams in his armchair, and sets others to do the work. Lord Kitchener on the contrary was the active man with a slow imagination. The consequence was a state of things which gradually forced the Cabinet, very tardily, very gradually, in terror of arousing the legend, to devolve one department after another upon other chiefs. The supply of munitions was wrested from the War Office by Mr. Lloyd George. Recruiting was given to Lord Derby. Training and home defense were devolved upon Lord French. Finally the General Staff was restored under Sir William Robertson, and to it fell the strategy of the war. There was another disappointment. The iron will of the legend was far from working with the necessary firmness. It is no secret that Lord Kitchener looked with no favor either on the Dardanelles adventure, or the Saloniki distraction. On the first point he let himself be rushed by Mr. Churchill, and on the second he gave way to General Joffre.

These are negative counts in an estimate of a great man. What has to be said on the other side overbalances them by an overwhelming weight. What he gave to the nation was, first of all, his personality. When he undertook the gigantic unfamiliar task of facing the greatest military power in Europe with a miniature army, with generals who had never handled great masses of men, without the military habit or the instinct of organization, our chief need was confidence. Without this man we should have been rent in factions, military and political. We should have lacked the sure faith, the unfaltering trust in the end, which inspired the volunteers who made Kitchener's army. They looked to him, a colossal figure of the magical soldier, as Napoleon's men looked to their chief. The marvel was that no showy victories lay behind him. At Omdurman he had obliterated savages: at Paardeberg he crushed Cronje, none too brilliantly, by weight of numbers. What the popular mind saw in the man was a certain bigness and simplicity, a power of long vision and sure calculation. There without a doubt the popular mind was right.

It was in the early months of the war that Kitchener showed this demonic quality, which is not cleverness or talent, but an instinctive subconscious trend of the will. In those days much cleverer men, Mr. Belloc for example, were timing the arrival of the Russians in Berlin. Lord Kitchener quietly told us that the war would last three years. We were incredulous, and the French were angry, but the big man went calmly on his way. He had to make what must have been one of the hardest choices in history. Under the impression of those moving events in France, first the distressing retreat from Mons, then the hopeful stimulating moment of the Marne victory, and at length the long struggle that followed it to outflank the German right, nine soldiers in ten would have played for momentary results. They would have hurled into France every fully trained man. They would have packed off our half-trained territorials after a month's hardening in camp. They would have gambled with the chance of invasion. They would have left the future to take care of itself. Those were the days when it seemed that another division or two might have saved Antwerp, and a few corps more broken the German right, as the Germans themselves broke the Russian lines later on at the Dunajec. We were holding Ypres by putting cooks and grooms into the firing line, and cavalry with half their effectives slaughtered were fighting night and day as infantry without rest or sleep. All the while we had in England tens of thousands of fully trained men, and scores of thousands who were three-parts trained. Kitchener resisted the promptings of the moment. He had made up his mind to a long war. He was counting on the strokes of the second and third year. He needed the veterans, the seasoned officers and the non-commssioned officers—to train his millions. A nervous, shortwinded man would have played for prompt victory and succumbed to the call of the hour. He might have won some momentary successes. It is possible that Antwerp could have been saved—for the moment. It is conceivable that Joffre's great outflanking effort might have succeeded. But the effort would have left us without reserves. There would have been no drafts to fill the gaps, and above all there would have been no new army to continue the trial of endurance.

It is possible even now to hold two views about this policy of Lord Kitchener's. There is the restless imaginative view of the critical school, summed up in Mr. Lloyd George's epigram, "Time is a doubtful neutral." That school would have conducted the war on shorter views, with more dash, and with more initiative. It does not follow that short views can shorten a war. The typical essay of that school in the Dardanelles assuredly lengthened it. Lord Kitchener, in rejecting the lure of

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prompt victory, showed the sounder estimate of the enemy's resources and capacity. His decision, a simple instinctive choice, was the hardest and most momentous act of will which any soul in Europe has taken since the Kaiser declared war. It commits us all to-day, and because of it we have the war of attrition and endurance. I write while the choice of Lord Kitchener's successor is still uncertain. It will not be Mr. Lloyd George. It will be some cooler, colder brain, which will work on the basis of the dead man's plan: Mr. Chamberlain perhaps, or Mr. Bonar Law. We are fatally to-day under the thrall of a great man's intuition—the power of rapid measurement, the cold restraint, the sureness and confidence which could in a lonely moment defy at once the German resolve to make a short war, the economist's prediction that a long war was suicide, and the buoyant optimism of the mob, which always believes in victory tomorrow. There was bigness and vision in that man, and the world must move against its wish to the slow rhythm of his thought.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, June.

Sheltered Daughters

THE sheltered daughter is to be found in all kinds of homes where economic pressure has not found its way. She is one of the crimes for which poverty is not responsible. She may be preserved for various ends, of which the three most clearly defined are the marriage market, safety in "the hands of the Lord," and the comfort and use of her parents.

The first of these obviously originated with the woman-as-property idea. The various grades of "Society" in city and village still regard marriage to money and position as the be-all and end-all of life for their women, and to that end daughters must be bred in the manner desired by the men of their own particular set. This manner must include the accomplishments valued by each particular circle, adherence to the set's habits and conventions, and, above all, inconspicuousness. Ideas that deviate from the traditional background are taboo.

For the man who wants these things the débutante is bred. Those of us who live outside this steel ring are inclined to question her powerlessness, to scorn her for her parasitism. We say: "Get out. Make your own life." We forget that she has been bred for dependence, not for self-reliance; for weakness, not for strength. When she flaps her poor clipped wings she brings down upon her a flock of outraged people who see in her divergence a criticism of their own ways, a flouting of their own opinions, a defiance of their own gods. And, unless she can begin again in a new world, acquire a new set of habits, be able to ignore, if necessary, her parents and her old acquaintance, make an entirely new set of friends, and earn her own living, she is drawn back into the vortex of "the correct thing," and has her adventurous blood sucked up by the vampire of conformity.

It is in her inability to have real choice in the matter of a mate that the débutante is most to be pitied. It is here that her steel ring closes most remorselessly about her. It is assumed with some truth that she does not know what she wants, for she has been brought up to do what other people want. But it takes most of us a lifetime to master the complexity of our wants and of our discards. People of forty have not established their unerring accuracy in this matter. But they persist in thinking that they know what their daughters want, even when their own marriages forcibly demonstrate their own failures.

Then there is the daughter who is bred not so much to attract money as to attract God and the angels. She must be a "good pure woman." In her case there is assumed a certain collection of standard virtues, certain fixed principles, certain labels that are never investigated, certain sins that are always sins. She must marry, if possible, someone of her own religious belief. She may know a little of the world, in order that she may minister to and uplift its sinners. She is not supposed to explore the facts of life, but merely to know that there are dreadful things from which she is mercifully preserved.

And, thirdly, there is the daughter who is regarded as the special property of her parents, who is bred to be their comfort and companion. If she hints at a desire to earn her own living, the "bond" and "filial duty" are preached to her as something that should be sacred to her beyond question. She is expected to stay at home and prove her gratitude for the sacrifices that have been made for her. Her natural inclination to love and trust her parents is exploited to the full.

The parents of all these shadows set out with the idea that their daughters, much more than their sons, must be an extension of themselves, of their habits, of their views, of their social or religious set. They expect their children to have their fears, their sins, their gods, their sense of values. And they all believe, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, that if you "train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." The modern parent must by now be becoming rather suspicious of the reliability of that assurance, but persistent indeed is his faith, and great is his tenacity to his way. He still hates to discard his wooden ships for iron ones, and his iron ones for steel.

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The parent seldom offers reasons for his unshakeable belief in his way. He offers standards of "correctness," of "the thing to do," of the "right people to know," not that he can prove they are anything better than are to be found elsewhere, but that he accepts them as better simply because they are his. If he is so unfortunate as to have a child who asks why, he can only reply, "Because I say so." And he is first grieved and then angry if his child is too intelligent to see finality in his answer.

His system of training is based upon fear, which he calls love. His prohibitions and his compulsions are inspired by the fear that his children may be conspicuous, peculiar—that most-to-be-dreaded of all bogeys—frowned upon by his friends. To be left out of an invitation is regarded as a greater disaster than an attack of typhoid fever, or the death of a friend.

In the preservation of daughters, lies have been the main line of defense. Parents have proceeded with the optimistic assumption that they would not be found out. They seem to have ignored the inevitable result of their deception, to have played the part of the ostrich with its head in the sand.

It is fast becoming ridiculous to try to shelter anybody. It is impossible nowadays to keep wandering vibrations of the *Weltgeist* from even the most sheltered daughter. And the stimulating power of a new idea has driven many a "sweet little girl" into a secret life of her own, and has fortified her till she was strong enough to make a break. The big cities of this country are being deluged to-day with a flood of daughters fleeing from shelter, leaving behind distressed, or fearful, or angry parents, who can talk only of their own fears, sacrifices and rights.

A word as to their "sacrifices." I know I am treading on holy ground. Parents do make sacrifices for their children. They will work for them, they will fight for them, they will starve for them, they will die for them. But they balk at the idea of letting them go off to work, to think, to fight for themselves, the most intelligent of all sacrifice, because the independence would rob them of so much food for their own emotions.

In the early years of a child's life things must be done for it, and any ordinarily good mother takes great joy in working and planning for her children. It becomes a habit. But besides being a habit, it is to many a sumptuous delight, a rare diversion, a fount at which the emotions may drink long draughts of refreshment. And it is pleasant to think that the world calls the thing you love to do by a desirable name. Now, the thrill of righteous exaltation that follows upon the consciousness of duty done is one of the hardest things in this world to give up. And, in order to keep it, thousands of blind but kindly intentioned mothers bring up their daughters to be entirely dependent upon them.

In the last three years, round about Columbia University, in dormitories and apartment houses, from all types of girls, rich and poor, I have heard bitter indictments of parents for the cultivation of this helplessness. "My mother never taught me anything," "My parents made me helpless," and so on; pitiful tales of domination, opposition, selfishness, of the tragedy of many futile attempts at adjustment, of final heart-rending breaks, which only the strong and the courageous could face, all for the right to be self-reliant, to get out and challenge the world.

These cases are all the more tragic when, as often happens, there are people of strength and quality on both sides of the struggle. It is a terrible thing to have to wound the people one loves. Those of us who have gone through it in the fight for personal freedom never quite get over it. Those of us who have turned in the road to look back at the motionless figures in the doorway who have made us feel like murderers when we wanted them to bid us Godspeed as joyous adventurers, who have chilled our enthusiasms so that we feel that we can never turn to them save in pity and tolerance, know that life holds few things sadder. If in the end we can forget the hurts, if we can recover some mutual respect, we have something to be thankful for.

There are three great things most sheltered daughters are denied—friends, freedom and fearlessness. Without friends who will respect one's individual desires, and who will stand by one in the pursuit of those desires, one can be neither free nor fearless. The makeshifts that the sheltered daughter knows are, equally with her parents, obstacles to her freedom, and fomenters of her fears.

So far, I have considered the tragedy to the child. But one cannot close one's eyes to the other side. If my parents have, for twenty years, saved, schemed, plotted, gone without opera tickets and an automobile, pursued influential friends, lain awake at nights thinking out how to make one dollar do the work of two, in order to send me through finishing schools, European trips, and sun baths on Palm Beach, with a view to my marriage to a title or a steel magnate, if after all this, I refuse to be a débutante, and, caught by a vision of usefulness, I take to suffrage and soap boxes, to *The Masses* and Emma Goldman, it really is a sad business for my parents. What is to be done about it?

The whole trouble, it seems to me, lies in our tenacious belief in the supreme excellence of ourselves, our circle, our church, our way. Of course, if I believe that my beliefs, my tastes, my habits,

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my conventions are the only right or desirable ones in the world, then naturally I must try to impose them on my child. I must employ the methods of the Inquisition to save her mind and soul. I must echo the familiar phrase of the stunned parent who would "rather see her in her grave" than married to the man she wants to marry if I don't think his tastes in gods or limousines or bronzes are what they ought to be.

But if I believe, as I ought to, that I hold my beliefs, my conventions, my habits and my tastes, simply because they happen to appeal to my own particular mental and physical make-up, then I have no right to assume that my child must hold them too. The only intelligent thing for me to do is to look for difference, and to be interested in it. And if I want her friendship, as I always say I do, I must be the sort of person with whom she can compare notes upon the way.

In short, the only way that I can keep my child is to give up every claim upon her; to cease, in fact, to take advantage of the accident by which nature made me her parent.

JANE MANDER.

A World Court for Money Claims

THE majority of controversies between states arise out of complaints due to injuries alleged to have been inflicted upon the citizens of the one country by the government of the other country. These controversies are increasing in number, not merely because of injuries suffered in time of war, but principally because of claims for pecuniary redress of injuries arising in time of peace. This is due to the circumstance that, as the means of communication grow greater, capital and individuals in greater number are seeking investment and fields of activity in foreign countries. The resulting growth in intercourse and in exchange of commodities and money, while establishing bonds of mutual dependency between the investing or exploiting and the exploited country—terms not used in any derogatory sense—also involves a growing amount of friction and conflict.

The legal position of the foreigner has progressed in the course of time from one of complete exclusion and the status of an enemy to one of practically full civil and commercial equality, with unimportant exceptions. Only political rights are still denied. Hence, we now witness thousands of foreigners doing business and millions of foreign capital invested in the exploited countries of the world, a condition which will prevail in still greater degree as time goes on.

The complaints of individuals against foreign governments, of which their home government takes cognizance, are based upon some alleged violation of their legal rights which is left unredressed by the municipal authorities of the foreign government.

The common practice of nations has established a certain standard of conduct by which a nation must be guided in its treatment of aliens and below which it cannot fall without incurring international responsibility. But as there is no central authority among states capable of enforcing this standard, international law, as at present constituted, has granted the state of which the individual is a citizen the right to enforce his demand and secure redress for his injuries by diplomacy or other methods—even reprisals and war—sanctioned by international practice. In this fact, that plaintiff nations judge for themselves whether a legal wrong has been committed and determine for themselves the extent to which they may go in the enforcement of what they conceive to be the rights of their injured citizens, lies much of the weakness of the present international organization. In this weakness may be found a practical field for progress in international coöperation and the adjustment of conflicts.

People are now familiar with the well known division of controversies between states into legal and political, and the conclusion that the former may and the latter may not be submitted to judicial determination. It has been said on numerous occasions that the range of justiciability of international disputes is limited by the paucity of legal principles which are common to all states in their international relations. International conflicts have not uniformly lent themselves to judicial solution because so few of them may be referred to standards or rules or even principles, although there are international assertions of right based on national policy regardless of law whose non-justiciability is due rather to an unwillingness than any inability to submit them to arbitration.

Possibility of enlarging the area of legal differences and of a reduction in the area of political differences lies in securing recognition for an increasing number of rules in the development of international relations. When it is found that this important phenomenon—the foreigner residing in the state or entering into relations with it—has already been brought within the cognizance of legal standards, it seems deplorable that so many political controver-

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sies should arise from disputes over his legal rights and from claims for pecuniary redress of his injuries. Pecuniary claims have so often resulted in international conflict because nations have too frequently insisted upon transforming a pecuniary claim, which had its basis in the dispute of a legal right, into a political question.

Perhaps the most important factor in this weakness lies in the fact that the present machinery for the adjustment of claims is calculated to impress upon them a political character. Inasmuch as practically all, whether arising from personal injury or from breach of contract, are in their origin of a legal nature, machinery should and can be devised by which their legal character may be preserved, and a status or condition created by which it shall be rendered at least difficult to bring them into the field of political controversy.

It is not generally understood by the public that thousands of pecuniary claims, involving enormous sums, on the part of individual citizens and corporations against foreign governments, rest in the archives of the state department or foreign office as grievances to be redressed by those foreign governments complained against. Their owners exert a steady pressure to obtain governmental aid for their payment. Nations differ in the extent to which they undertake to espouse the claims of their injured citizens, depending upon the nature of the claim, upon the physical strength of the claimant country, and upon political considerations of a lengthy variety. It must also be acknowledged that on numerous occasions, particularly where large groups of claims are involved, states have voluntarily submitted them to arbitration, to which practice our own government has made noteworthy contributions, and the states of America, in Pan-American conferences, have, in principle, committed themselves.

Since each country is permitted to judge for itself of the injury it has sustained in the person of its citizen, it is commendable that certain countries have placed upon themselves voluntary restraints in the enforcement of certain classes of claims. The United States, for example, has declined officially to intervene for the enforcement of a contract voluntarily entered into between its citizens and a foreign government, in the absence of a denial of justice in the foreign courts. The stability of international relations, like the success of democracy, lies in the observance of self-imposed restraints. These voluntary restraints in the prosecution of claims should be increased and will be increased in so far as machinery is devised to enforce just claims by other methods than those now pursued. This machinery obviously is an international court for the adjudication of pecuniary claims. Without making any unwarranted demand or imposing a sacrifice upon any state of the exploiting or exploited category, public opinion may properly demand that private pecuniary claims of a contractual or non-contractual nature be submitted for determination to an international tribunal. This procedure will result not only in a greater degree of general justice, but specifically will give more exact justice to each of the parties involved, that is, the claimant himself, his own government, and the defendant government, not to speak of the vital interest of the world in having peace prevail among all governments.

An outline of the present method of adjusting international claims will serve to make clear the defects of the prevailing system and its many opportunities for injustice and the disturbance of friendly relations among states. The claimant now presents his claim to the foreign office or state department of his own government and requests diplomatic interposition. It may be assumed that he has exhausted his local remedies abroad. If the claim is one arising out of contract, the espousal of his claim depends largely upon the policy of his government in supporting contractual claims. Some governments do not officially support these claims, whereas others appear to impose upon themselves no such restraint, so that in effect the claimant's remedy in these cases depends primarily upon his nationality, an unjust distinction and discrimination in a case purely legal. Again, the foreign office may grant or refuse diplomatic action as it deems advisable. It has been judicially determined in the United States, Great Britain, and France—and the rule is probably the same in other countries—that the minister for foreign affairs, or secretary of state, can not be compelled to institute or prosecute a diplomatic claim. Again, the foreign office may approve his claim and yet the interests of the nation or its relations with the defendant government may be such that for political reasons it is deemed inexpedient to press the claim. The archives of foreign offices are filled with claims which have accumulated for years, awaiting some happy event which may open the diplomatic channels for their admission to arbitral or other adjustment. The unfortunate and uncertain position of claimants under present conditions is readily apparent.

Experience has shown that the defendant government is often too weak to resist the demands of a strong claimant power supporting a claim intrinsically unjust, a situation by no means infrequent. While the Porter proposition adopted at The Hague in the matter of contractual claims is intended to postpone the use of armed force until an offer of arbitration has been refused, there are many oppressive measures of diplomatic coercion not so violent but nevertheless as burdensome and annoying, and

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in result as effective as armed force. Although defendant governments usually insist upon the finality of the decisions of their municipal courts, a demand which in practice has not been admitted without qualification by foreign governments, they would find their condition vastly improved by the submission of claims to the jurisdiction of an international court.

The claimant government and its foreign office would also be helped and relieved by the institution of a permanent court for the adjudication of pecuniary claims. These claims are now first passed upon by the law officers of the foreign office, who must act on *ex parte* evidence and who have not at their disposal the judicial machinery necessary to sift uncertain facts and doubtful evidence. Their determination as to the espousal or rejection of a claim is not based upon satisfactory data and their responsibility in setting the diplomatic machinery in operation is not inconsiderable. To make international action, often of vast financial, and at times political, importance, depend upon an administrative decision based largely upon *ex parte* evidence alone invites injustice to one or other of the interested parties.

Finally, the fact that the prosecution of pecuniary claims depends so largely upon political considerations and that the accumulation of unsatisfied claims always embodies the germ of international misunderstanding and controversy, present unassailable grounds, in the interests of world peace, for compelling the just, speedy and peaceful solution of the rights of the parties. Reprisals have on numerous occasions been employed as a mode of redress for a violation of the rights of citizens, and in several cases war—in its physical manifestations merely general reprisals—has been based upon unpaid claims for alleged wrongs inflicted by one country upon the citizens of the other, notably Italy's war against Turkey in 1912 and our own war against Mexico in 1846.

The advantages to be derived by all the interested parties through the removal of pecuniary claims from the arena of political controversy to the channels of judicial adjustment must be apparent. Emphasis by statesmen upon the immediate necessity of a permanent international court, in the fact that hundreds of claims involving purely legal questions now await settlement, will furnish the greatest stimulus to its early institution and overcome the obstacles in the way of representation and organization which have hitherto prevented its creation. Moreover, the cultivation of the habit of submitting legal disputes to a court will exercise an important influence in securing a more frequent resort to arbitral or conciliatory adjustment for political differences.

Peace will come only gradually, if at all; but anything that can be done to narrow the arena of political conflict and widen the field for the judicial solution of disputes will hasten its approach, and the submission to a court of pecuniary claims arising out of injuries to citizens will at once remove a large proportion of the causes for present international conflict. Such a reform must make a universal appeal to man's passion for justice.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

Fears and Scruples

I AM a man well in middle life, of reasonable health, married, with children, and beyond any fear of material wants, so far as one can see. I have never had to make money to live, and was brought up to despise anyone who thought he should work any the less for that. My father and mother lived in a good-sized town, had an established "position," as they called it, and professed the usual puritan morality based upon a misgiving of the native expressions of human nature. We were, however, not quite so respectable as most of our neighbors, and on that account enjoyed a lively sense of our own superior intelligence and our liberalism. I remember, for instance, a deep contempt, implanted by my mother, at the spurious modesty of such women as felt embarrassed when they had to expose their bosom to a doctor. I always felt it was a mark of my intelligence and of the reliability of my moral judgments that, if I had been a woman, I should have felt no more concern at the doctor than at the fire-place. It was quite untrue, in fact, but it serves to give a little bit of background.

Our Moloch, though of course we never knew it, was the reputation and consideration which should come to "brains." The clergyman had been long on the wane as I grew up, and we all thought of him as a half pitiful, half contemptible figure; but the lawyer was at his zenith. My father was a lawyer of much better powers than usual, and had achieved recognition without accumulating much of a fortune when he died. I went through the usual routine which passed for education and drifted, like so many others, into the same profession without any conscious choice or spontaneous call. The law had, it is true, a scholastic form which was sympathetic to me, but the fashion of the time demanded a historical basis for everything, and when I tried to combine my natural scholasticism with some historical method there was little left of either. It may have added a little to the baffled sense which is so constant a factor now in my daily life, and which I am very curious to learn about in others—whether or not it exists.

I had learned nothing that I could use, but had acquired an amazing sense that there was something

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distinguished in my futility; that it was a kind of high specialization, and if society could not use it, so much the worse for society. At least, I thought, there I was an equipped thinker, and if men were fatuous enough not to know a thinker, and not to use him when they knew him, they were only barbarians and there was nothing for me but to cherish a sense of worth about it to the last. Naturally, I made no great fist of it at the law, and dragged along with increasing dissatisfaction till a happy chance landed me in a respectable berth outside. There must be a good many men like me; men who pass for the educated, who form the "public opinion" that is thought to be intelligent and germinative. If I am to judge from myself, their ideas are a mere patchwork of prejudices, presuppositions and lazy generalizations summed up in catch-words, a farrago which passes for conviction because there is no one to challenge and cross-examine.

Did you ever think how hard it is to learn what happened yesterday on the street in full view of everyone? When I was a lawyer we used to beat the air for days trying to learn whether A stepped in front of the car or the car struck him. Or think of the mazes of casuistry possible in the simplest phrases of a will. Of course, I take from what I am used to, but there must be such things out of anyone's experience. How do Lord Macauley and Mr. Paul Elmer Moore become so impressive? They both humble me when I read them. I can read a decision of a court and see that the judge is dishonest in the facts and subject to fallacies of the most rudimentary kind, but such men impose on me wonderfully. Are they really so thin and is their sonorousness because they are in fact so hollow?

I have no "views" at all in fact; if some one asks me for them it is a call to arms and all the tramps must come from the shrubbery to make up my Coxey's army. I am thought to have "views" and it is a reputation I greatly cherish, but on how many subjects have I spent five minutes of consecutive thought? On how many have I tried to learn the larger foundation facts? I am not less reflective than other men of the "intellectuals"; they must all be as shallow as I. That enlightened public opinion on which we build, that good sense of the people, which is the soul of Democracy, what is it? Some of my friends think there is a *Volkseele,* which sees more than poor baffled "intellectuals" like me; that is their hope. It is something like poor Mr. Taft's sober second thought of the people which would always declare for their courts, a mystic interpreter, never vocal, but pervasively infallible.

Well, perhaps so. It sounds to me too much like magic; I doubt whether one hundred Iowa Methodists who disbelieve in cards, dancing and theatres, who own Ford cars and are for the initiative and referendum, who think that this is a war to end war, and that all one needs in life is energy and a native sense of right; I doubt if they have a collective Oversoul which even sees the difficulties. If one considers the complications arising from the square root of minus one we used to have in college, it seems as if things were not so simple. Yet some people say that to the integrated will (I think that is the word) all doors open. I wonder.

RANDALL DANE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Major Putnam's Preparedness

SIR: May I be permitted to submit a word of correction of a statement that comes into print in THE NEW REPUBLIC for June 10th in a review, signed "W. L.," of Norman Angell's recent volume on "Half Preparedness"? The reviewer writes in referring to the question as to "What Preparedness is For" that "Mr. Roosevelt shirks it; Mr. Root shirks it; The Defense League shirks it; even Major Putnam, who publishes Norman Angell's books and does not read them, shirks it."

I may not undertake to speak for Mr. Roosevelt or for Mr. Root, but I can say that your reviewer is in error in his impression that Norman Angell's publisher is not well acquainted with his books and his contentions. I have read every volume that my firm has brought into print for this clever author, and in discussing with Norman Angell on the platform and in person the various matters considered in his books, I have familiarized myself with his point of view. I can but think—and I have said so frankly to him—that he has exaggerated the lack of specific knowledge and specific purpose on the part of those who have maintained the necessity for an effective organization of our national resources in men and in material. In maintaining, whether on the platform or in the printed word, the commonsense and the necessity of such a policy of organization of resources, I have taken the ground that the first duty of the republic is to protect its own territory and the lives and the property of American citizens. Its second duty is to take such measures as may be necessary for the fulfilment of its specific obligations, treaties, guaranties, etc. The most important example of such a specific obligation is, of course, that involved under the so-called Monroe Doctrine, for protecting the territory of South America and of the Western Hemisphere generally from settlement or invasion on the part of European Powers. If we are not prepared to fulfil this obligation of defending the independence of our sister republics on this side of the Atlantic, we should announce to them, and to the world at large, that we have no further concern with the Monroe Doctrine; and that, as far as we are concerned, the territory of South America and of the West Indies is open to settlement and to appropriation. It seems to me that these two things, the defense of our territory and of our rights, and the fulfilment of our obligations, constitute a very definite "purpose" for the adequate organization of our national resources, and it is a purpose that has been emphasized again and again on the platform and in the various printed statements issued by the National Security League.

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I hold further, however, that in addition to such a specific obligation as that involved in the Pan-American Union, or in our utterances concerning the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, the nation has a duty to perform in doing its part to maintain the general principles and practices of civilization.

I hold, for instance, that at the outbreak of the present war the United States ought to have placed itself at the head of a League of Neutral Nations. Such a League would have made protest at each invasion of the rights of neutrals, beginning with the first act of infamy in the war, the invasion of Belgium, and continued for each assault on the rights of non-combatants. Neither a state nor an individual, however, can put itself in the position of maintaining large contentions and of making large utterances unless it is prepared to show that back of its contentions stands organized force.

The members of our American Rights League are now maintaining the further contention that the time has come for the United States to take direct part with England, France and their Allies. We hold that the Allies are fighting not merely for their own existence, and for the fulfilment of their obligations, but for the defense of the liberties of the United States and in maintenance of the principles of civilization. They are fighting for democracy against the aggression of autocracy; for the rights of men, for the independence of smaller states, and for all the ideals for which our own republic has stood. Their fight is our fight. If we do not take part now, when our aid could be made of service, we shall have no claim to be listened to in the settlement that is to come after the war. The men who have done the fighting will claim the right to adjust the relations of the world.

I can but think that here are "purposes" sufficient to call for the full strength of the republic, and that if action on the part of the United States would shorten by but a few months the duration of the war, such action is called for and would itself be of great service to civilization.

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

New York City.

Opposing, Not Breaking, the Law

SIR: I presided at a meeting in Union Square on May 20th to protest against what seems to most scientific and benevolent persons an unnecessary and unwise law. This law makes it a crime even for a regular physician to give in a decent manner information as to birth control.

In all other civilized countries there are benevolent societies for the express purpose of proper education on this subject. Dr. Reitman, a duly licensed doctor, was sentenced to prison under this law; and the meeting, as I, like other speakers, stated in my address there, was not held to defy the law or the police, but in order to create public opinion for the repeal of that law.

After the meeting had adjourned, some ladies gave out leaflets containing advice as to birth control. I gave out none, nor any literature of any kind to anyone. As a lawyer, I swore to uphold the laws and I did not violate this one. I think it much better to try to have it repealed or declared unconstitutional. My chief interest in this matter is that I consider that this law is an interference with beneficial freedom of speech, and that information which would save the health and the lives of myriads of women should be equally within the reach of the well-to-do and of the poor.

Our court records show that the enforcement of this law degrades women and often drives them to abortion and to infanticide, besides being responsible for the misery and death of multitudes of undesired children. In practice I am convinced that this law causes far more evils and abuses than it prevents, and promotes law-breaking on the part of crowds who get and give the information. But I do not think it wise for me to distribute birth-control literature broadcast, and, as nearly all the newspaper reports stated at the time, I did not do it.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

In Defense of Mugwumps

SIR: The reference to the Mugwumps in the article entitled "The Great Primary Humbug" in your issue of May 20th was unfortunate. The Mugwump was not distinguished by "his scorn of party allegiance." The Mugwumps were independent Republicans who were opposed to the machine rule of the party and who thought that that rule could best be overthrown by civil service reform. Probably the leading Mugwump was George William Curtis, who was a leading figure in the Republican party for many years. Carl Schurz and Henry Ward Beecher were also prominent Republicans up to the time when they severed their connection with the party.

It is probably true that the rank and file of the Mugwump movement had never participated to any great extent in the party councils. This was not due to their scorn of party allegiance but to the fact that independence within the party was not tolerated. The delegates to the state conventions in New York, for example, were chosen by clubs or associations. In order to belong to one of these associations and so be able to participate in the affairs of the party it was necessary for the member, after he had been elected, to take oath that he would at all times support the candidates of the party. Failure to do so meant loss of membership in the association. It was estimated that out of more than fifty-eight thousand Republicans in the state of New York in 1880 not more than six or eight thousand were members of the Republican associations. (See *Harper's Weekly*, March 6th, 1880.) The other methods of keeping independent voters out of the management of the parties, as for example the Snap Primaries, are too well known to require enumeration.

The historical inaccuracies of Mr. Allen's article having been corrected, the fallacy of the argument is clear. When Mr. Allen says, "Men of genuine independence were active party members, striving to make the party organization an instrument of public service, resolving doubtful points in favor of the ticket but 'scratching' when needful," he is really referring to the Mugwumps though he does not realize it.

Direct primaries have their defects, it is true, and a tendency to eliminate leadership may be one of them. The fact remains that they have given the individual voter an opportunity to express himself in councils of the party. Only through direct primaries could the Hughes sentiment at the present time be expressed. One needs only to read what Thomas Platt says of Hughes in his autobiography to realize what the attitude of the politicians toward him is. This is but a sample of what the direct primaries are doing. When we have improved them we can expect still better results.

HERMAN K. MURPHEY.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

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Why Fear the Status Quo?

SIR: In his review of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's book, "F. H." puts his finger on what has seemed a stumbling block in all plans for an International Court, or any scheme looking toward world federation. How can any such plan provide for the legitimate growth of the more virile states? Will the nations accept a scheme that contemplates the maintenance of the status quo forever?

In considering this question, I think we have been prone to assume that the status quo would cover not merely national boundaries but also national hopes and aspirations and policies; that the present intense self-assertion of the nations would remain fixed, as well as their present geographical boundaries. But would this necessarily be the case? In an effectively coördinated world, ruled by law instead of by war, a real world public opinion (real in the sense of being politically effective) would be formed, that would act as a corrective to extreme nationalism. A world opinion exists even to-day, but it is powerless to enforce its decrees. In time, under such conditions, finding their existence not threatened and their legitimate aspirations not thwarted, would not nations become much less self-assertive and sensitive than at present? Might their nationals not, in fact, become even more interested in world politics than in national affairs?

Some light may be shed on this question by the experience of the United States. In spite of the fact that the several colonies at the close of the war were peopled by the same race, spoke the same language, and had emerged triumphant from a contest against a common foe, the spirit of "nationalism," of sovereignty, took such a strong hold upon them that they immediately began to drift apart. It became clearly essential for their own protection that they should have a closer union than the Articles of Confederation afforded, but many of the states adopted the present Constitution with very great reluctance. They feared that their "vital interests" would be affected, that their sovereignty, in short, would be impaired. Even after the Constitution was finally accepted it was doubtful whether it could long hold the states together. In twenty years, thirteen of the then twenty-four states asserted the doctrine of state sovereigny in one form or another; the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court was denied; the President defied; some laws declared unconstitutional and resistance threatened if others were enacted; the doctrine of nullification was asserted, and legislatures talked openly of secession.

What is the situation in the states to-day? The boundaries of the original states remain substantially unaltered, but state assertiveness, state aggressiveness, has been tremendously lessened, though by no means obliterated. We are proud of our state; we want to maintain our home rule; we would repudiate any attempt to obliterate state lines and centralize all the government at Washington. We are, and want to remain, a federation of states; but we have come to learn the supreme importance to us of the nation. Rhode Island is not jealous because Texas is bigger; Massachusetts no longer weeps because the admission of Louisiana into the Union would be disastrous to her interests, or, as Josiah Quincy argued, "throw the liberties and properties of this people into hotch-potch with the wild men on the Missouri . . . and the mixed tho' more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands at the mouth of the Mississippi." Our interest in our states as states has in fact become so subordinate that large numbers of our citizens vote only at national elections.

If ever we attain a World Parliament would not even the imaginations of Chauvinists be affected in like manner? Would not world interest because effective hold in check national interest? If so, may not the maintenance of the status quo among nations be less an objection to world federation than we had thought?

GEORGE BURNHAM, JR.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

First Perfect the Primary

SIR: The article of Lafon Allen on the "Great Primary Humbug" in your issue of May 20th is of the keenest interest to me as I have watched for years the operation of the direct primary in a city which is a pioneer in direct legislation. Mr. Allen's article is a typical illustration of the way the American mind works upon political problems. An old system is found wanting, is attacked, is discarded; a new system is adopted. A few years pass. The new system is found wanting, is attacked, is discarded, and the old system is reinstated.

"The brave old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up a very big hill,
Then marched them down again."

If Mr. Allen were a scientist and found a flaw in the Darwinian theory he would not necessarily revert to the Adam and Eve theory of the origin of man. If Mr. Allen were a business man and found that his system of scientific management was defective he would not revert to unscientific management. It is only in our political forms and methods that we destroy and build up, build up and destroy.

It will be a reaction of almost fatal consequences if this country abandons the direct primary because of its defects instead of devoting itself to the improvement and perfection of the direct primary. Nothing that you could do would be of more value than to have the able thinkers of THE NEW REPUBLIC apply their minds to the following questions:

1. How can good citizens be induced to run for office under the direct primary system?

2. Should local organizations take the place of the national parties in supporting good men for office?

3. Would the granting of "proportional representation" encourage the formation of such local organizations, and would it provide the necessary inducement to men of character to become candidates?

4. Would preferential voting enable us to escape the double election?

5. Should the expenditures of candidates be restricted and canvassing material limited to that sent out by the city at the city's expense?

6. If the ballot were shortened, fewer measures submitted to the voters, and fewer elections held, would it be possible to sufficiently penalize any failure to vote so that the use of the ballot would become practically universal, and candidates could be assured of a democratic verdict, without the compulsion of "bringing out the vote"?

The voting mechanism of a democracy is a complicated piece of machinery. A change in one part involves readjustments of all other parts. When the brains of this country take up the problem as that of a machine which cannot run unless its parts are adjusted and its operation constantly guarded, the beginning of the solution of the greatest problem of democracy will be at hand.

CHARLES H. LANGMUIR.

Los Angeles, California.

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Books and Things

IT was in a New England country church, and it must have been almost forty years ago, that I saw my first bishop. His sermon left an impression of height and dignity and robes. A few days afterward he came to supper at the farmhouse where we were staying, and where his everyday clothes, although unmistakably clerical, were a surprise. Equally surprising to see him take a doughnut from its pile of vicious circles and eat it happily. Nobody had told me that bishops lived on food.

Next week came a sharper surprise. With plenty of grasshoppers for bait I was drawing near the river one morning, where thick bushes secluded a pool, when I heard splashing and a song. By peering through the bushes I was able to recognize the bishop in the swimmer. Unseen I watched him clamber out upon a rock, a spare, athletic nude, and dry himself briskly. I ran all the way home, a little afraid of being turned into a stag pursued by the fifty hounds. Nobody had told me that bishops were ever nude, although had I been older reflection would have demonstrated that a body is as necessary to a bishop as to other men, if only that he may follow Saint Paul's example and keep it under.

That lesson in forgetting which I could not learn by myself was taught me at last by another view of the bishop. In a city church a few years afterward, a gothic church with stained light falling in the chancel, I saw and heard him administer the rite of confirmation. He was in his robes again, moving along the line of bent heads, and repeating the old words: "Defend, O Lord, this thy Child with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom." Something in the grave music of his voice, or in the austerity of his motion and gesture, effaced that memory of a naked man on a rock, and from that time forth I was plagued no more with pictures of the bishop without robes.

Such a uniting of the late image of a man with the earliest, such a complete exclusion of the intermediate images, may not happen very often, but it has happened to me again just now, after reading William Butler Yeats's "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" (Macmillan, $2). In this book it is recorded that Mr. Yeats was once a boy. Yes, that must be so, if you stop and think about it. The road to manhood does always pass through boyhood. Of course. The application of this truth to Mr. Yeats lay in our fore-consciousness, humbly waiting to be called up into the field of attention. Mr. Yeats calls it up. He tells this truth with circumstance. He was a boy, even a school boy, he got into fights, learned to box a little, rode a pony and got falls, learned to dive from greater heights than the other boys. He had friends among those "small apple-eating animals," he even remembers the face of one and the face and name of another. Very surprising all this, yet how credible! Credence is made easier by Mr. Yeats's clear accent of sincerity. The truth he tells sounds true.

Yet the impression made by the book after one has finished it is about the same with the impression of Yeats left by the rest of his prose and by his poetry. Whether he was at school or by himself he was a lonely boy, shy, gentle, absent-minded, always brooding. "My father's unbelief had set me thinking about the evidences of religion and I weighed the matter perpetually with great anxiety, for I did not think I could live without religion. All my religious emotions were, I think, connected with clouds and cloudy glimpses of luminous sky, perhaps because of some bible picture of God's speaking to Abraham or the like." While going over the memories this new book is made of he noticed for the first time that "what I saw when alone is more vivid than what I did or saw in company."

Many of his vividest memories are of birds or of the sea. After a night alone in Slish Wood near Sligo, where he was kept awake by his fear of the wood-ranger, he could "watch my island in the early dawn and notice the order of the cries of the birds." This island was Innisfree, and the feeling he has put into the poem dates from very early years: "I was always discovering places where I would like to spend my whole life." When staying at Rosses Point he took boat at midnight once, because he "wanted to find out what sea birds began to stir before dawn." It was "for the poem that became fifteen years afterwards 'The Shadowy Waters' that I wanted the birds' cries and it had been full of observation had I been able to write it when I first planned it. I had found again the windy light that moved me when a child. I persuaded myself that I had a passion for the dawn, and this passion, though mainly histrionic like a child's play, an ambitious game, had moments of sincerity." Mr. Yeats writes in the same tone of a passion he had felt earlier while living at Howth: "Our house for the first year or so was on the top of a cliff, so that in stormy weather the spray would sometimes soak my bed at night, for I had taken the glass out of the window, sash and all. A literary passion for the open air was to last me for a few years."

Mr. Yeats is unjust when he calls this passion literary and when he talks of persuading himself that he had a passion for the dawn. These passions took him into the places and made him notice the things that he has remembered and brooded over and put into his poetry, reshaping and retouching until he has finished by labor as patient as Horace's poems which seem as spontaneous as one of Blake's songs. Any passion, however factitious and short-lived, deserves all respect if it was once a tributary of his central passion for choosing, among things seen and felt and heard, among old legends and contemporary men and women, exactly what he could use. Mr. Yeats seems all along his life to have separated with exact foreknowledge the formative parts of experience from the parts that would never mean anything to his prose or poetry.

He must have had almost from the first a fastidiousness which took to his heart experience of the right kind and kept all the many other kinds of experience far away. He has been from the first a chooser and a hoarder, remaking and reshaping without fatigue even the memories he had taken from his hoard and made into poems, yet always willing to wait until his imagination is ready. I think he cannot now experience anything he has not experienced before. Old age will tell him nothing he does not know, just as boyhood told him nothing he could not have found out in middle life. I believe he was a boy, just as I believe my first bishop was nude once upon a time. But I cannot see the bishop without his robes, or Mr. Yeats living any life that does not fall into place as part of the forgotten beauty he has remembered in his "lonely and distinguished" verse. P. L.

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Socialism and the Fabian Society

The History of the Fabian Society, by Edward R. Pease, London: Fifield.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL history of the Fabian Society (1884-1915) has just been written by my friend Edward R. Pease, who was its secretary for twenty-five years of its thirty-two years of life. I myself left the society in 1904, but I was one of the four members (Shaw, Webb, Oliver, and myself) who had most to do with building it up, and I have kept in touch with it since my resignation.

The chief significance of the society in the general development of social thought has been that it used the name and prestige of socialism for a movement which was free from and often opposed to Marx's analysis of history, industry, and human motive, and which therefore influenced non-socialist political opinion in England, and helped to inspire the Revisionist movement in German social-democracy.

Shaw joined the infant society in September, 1884, Webb and Oliver in May, 1885, and I in April, 1886. But from the beginning of 1885 we had all four belonged to a little reading circle in Hampstead for the study of "Das Kapital." We expected to agree with Marx, but found ourselves from the beginning criticising him. Webb and Oliver were civil servants who four or five years before had scored highly in political economy at the "Class One" examination owing to their ability to expound and apply the Ricardian law of rent. It was on this point that we first definitely disagreed with Marx. Instead of taking surplus value in the lump, we divided it into the three "rents" of land, capital, and ability, and faced the fact that, if he worked with the worst land, tools, and brains, "in cultivation," the worst-paid laborer might be producing no more wealth than he consumed. This led us to abandon "abstract labor" as the basis of value, and to adopt Jevons's conception of value as fixed by the point where "marginal effort" coincided with "marginal utility."

It was this rejection of Marxism which made possible our partial "permeation" of Liberal and other non-socialist political organizations. Instead of looking on "capitalism" and "exploitation" as a single fact to be destroyed by the shock-tactics of class-war and forcible revolution, we came to see the economic advantages which individual men enjoyed by inheriting or acquiring land or bonds or brains or training as matters of more and less. If a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer taxed land or unearned income, or an educationist worked to improve the primary or technical schools, or a hygienist invented schemes of housing, we accepted his work, not as a "palliative" but as an actual step towards our ideal.

Socialism is a movement towards economic equality to be achieved by democracy, and we carried the same habit of mind into our political as into our economic work. Every extension of the franchise or improvement in administrative machinery represented to us a percentage of our program. When Webb and Shaw and I were elected in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties on to London municipal bodies, and Oliver became Colonial Secretary in Jamaica, our colleagues found us as keen as any "common-sense" Liberal or Conservative to bring about the smallest advance in administrative efficiency.

After we had finished "Das Kapital," we continued the Hampstead circle for three more years, and, both there and in the preparation of Fabian and other lectures, worked at the history of social thought. Our interest in history, and the constant stimulus of Shaw's insight and genius, made us from the first reject the Marxist "economic interpretation of history"—the narrow and mechanical reference of all human actions to economic motives. We never supposed that all political alliances and party quarrels, or all wars or sexual customs or religions were due to the single desire to make money.

Finally, we never believed in an inevitable, automatic, and "scientific" process by which a social revolution would come of itself. That theory is apt to present itself to the young reformer, as a reason why he should trust to his own automatic impulses, should read and think when he feels inclined to, should speak with such eloquence as comes from the exaltation of the moment, and should attend committees as long as they interest him. During ten years of constant intimacy we learnt (imperfectly enough in my own case) from Shaw's exacting passion for artistic perfection and Webb's almost incredible force and industry, that one could only get things done in politics by a steady and severe effort of will.

And yet, in spite of the Fabian tradition of elasticity, and ingenuity, and efficiency, I always, after the first few years, felt rather restless in the society, and in the end left it. And now that I read this history, with its calmly accurate record of names and dates and tracts and manifestoes. I find myself wondering whether events will prove that there was a sufficient reason for my dissatisfaction.

I can explain my own difficulties best by quoting a few facts from Pease's book. Tract 70 in 1896 (p. 251), for instance, declared that the Fabian Society "has no distinctive opinions on the Marriage Question, Religion, Art . . . or any other subject than its own special business of practical Democracy and Socialism." In 1899 the Executive argued that the question at issue between the Boers and the British Government was one "which Socialism cannot solve and does not touch" (p. 129). I do not think that the Society has ever published a word on its own responsibility about India. In the present war the Society "has made no pronouncement and adopted no policy" (p. 234). In my case other things than our own "special business" were always breaking in, and disturbing the "practical" problems of democracy and equality. I could not decide on a policy as to educational administration without bringing in my views as to the effect of ecclesiastical control, or on free trade without considering its influence on international relations, nor on such a manifesto against a Liberal government as "To your Tents, O Israel" (1893) without considering the probable influence of a Conservative government on a number of matters which lay outside our "special business."

My old difficulties indicate, I believe, a problem which is vital to the whole future of the socialist movement. It may be argued that a propagandist body which does not take up some one question and stick to it must be futile. But socialism has in fact never presented itself as a "single-question" movement, adherence to which is only an incident in the political life of those who call themselves socialists. Like the "principles" of the French Revolution, or Mazzini's republicanism, or Bentham's utilitarianism, socialism has claimed to be a *Weltanschauung*, a "world-view" by the guidance of which all political and economic problems could be solved. And everywhere socialists have taken on themselves the responsibility of forming political parties which have to deal, if only by advice and criticism, with all the many-sided activities of a modern state.

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One wonders, therefore, now that this war has shifted the center of gravity in problems of human organization, whether, when peace comes, socialism will still seem to the kind of people who now call themselves socialists to be a sufficing *Weltanschauung?* Or will the struggle for economic and political equality inside each nation come to be looked on by working-class leaders and by the middle-class men and women who sympathize with them, as a part only, however important it may be, of some larger conception of life? The war has now lasted two years, and socialism has had no more influence than Christianity on either its origin or its course. The war will leave the condition of international relations as dangerous as a mined trench, and we shall all be forced to treat the prevention of a new explosion as the main purpose of our political lives. Will the history, the associations, the practical program, of socialism be a sufficient guide for that purpose?

The wind in this respect bloweth where it listeth. Some great leader may turn international socialism into a world-purpose in whose light the death and maiming of a whole generation of young men in war may be seen as resulting from the same failure of imagination and sympathy as that which produces Chicago slums and Mexican peonage, and the brutalities of Zabern and of Russian Jewry. Or, as I myself think it to be more probable, the word socialism may go the way of "natural rights" and the "greatest happiness principle," and in our new need we may find a new name for our hopes.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

An Indian Poetess

The Bird of Time, by Sarojini Naidu. New York: John Lane Co.

THERE is no accounting for our spasmodic interest in the life of the Orient. In this country, whose contact with the East is largely and frankly commercial, we have turned to European versions of its art and literature. The vogue for the pseudo-orientalism of the English Laurence Hope is an index to our eager taste: the nineteenth century absorbed "Lalla Rookh" with the same avidity. But in Mrs. Naidu we have a more authentic vista of the modern life of complex India than either Kipling or Laurence Hope have offered: they were sensitive to external evidence, but had no close acquaintance with any of the classical dialects of a country whose mental seclusion is notorious. Indian writers, on the other hand, are prone to affect the artificial forms of the European, and fail to reflect the web of their native life and traditions.

Thus Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's first volume of verse, "The Golden Threshold," showed the influences of an English education and residence. Moreover, as an impressionable girl she was associated with the young poets of the "Yellow Book" and the Rhymer's Club: Arthur Symons sponsored her first book. Born in 1879 at Hyderabad, the mediaeval capital of the Deccan, India's chief semi-independent state, she comes of a distinguished Brahman family. The rich culture and training she received from her father Dr. Agornath Chattopadhya, one of the most versatile scholars of his day, enabled her to enter Madras University at the age of twelve. In 1895 she won a state scholarship that took her to Girton College, Cambridge, and her literary acquaintance in Cambridge and London inevitably identified her with the literary movement of the 'nineties. It was Edmund Gosse, however, who advised her to use her poetic gifts for better purpose than exhaling the precious cosmopolitanism then in vogue. Since her return to India, a few years later, the genius of this gifted Indian lady has been devoted to *zenānā* reforms and the spread of education among the women of Hyderabad.

But with all her progressive views it is not strange that her sentiment should continually turn to the fabric of the Hindu life she has shed. The scene of her inspiration, the Deccan, is that interesting region lying between the eastern and western coasts, and dividing the northern plains of the invaders from the south, where none made his influence felt. The true history of India will not be written until more is known of the historic south, home of the aboriginal Dravidian, who had been disinherited by the Aryan Hindu. The Deccan, largely included in the Nizām's dominions, is the relict in the south of the great Mughal empire. Thus the Deccan around Hyderabad is still integrally a cosmopolitan and historic India. Here the gay Persian culture of the Delhi court was once subdued by the intense brooding that Hinduism derived from its defunct rival, Buddhism. To-day the Nizām, a Moslem prince, feudatory to the Viceroy, rules a medley of races, in which his co-religionists are outnumbered by his Hindu subjects. The surrounding country is historic and romantic. Not far from Hyderabad is famous Golkonda, full of royal tombs, deserted, and dreaming of its history. In the dim past Buddhism built one of its finest rock-cut monastaries at Ajantā and it contains the best surviving examples of the fine frescoes that art-loving creed inspired. After the decline of the Mughal empire the English and French took sides in the subsequent internecine warfare of this region. Within the Deccan, sings Mrs. Naidu in honor of her ruler the Nizām, are:

> The votaries of the Prophet's faith,
> Of whom you are the crown and chief;
> And they, who bear on Vedic brows
> The mystic symbols of belief,
> And they, who worshipping the sun,
> Fled o'er the old Irānian sea;
> And they who bow to Him who trod
> The midnight waves of Gallilee.

To this rich heterogeneous Indian world Mrs. Naidu returned to become reformer and interpreter. "The Bird of Time," her poems scattered through Anglo-Indian and British reviews, are all rewarding evidence of the love she bears the land and peoples of her birth. Western enough they may seem in artificial content, but the quality, the passions and reveries that fuse before western eyes, are purely Indian. The differences of creed and caste in India are really indigenous: unconsciously Mrs. Naidu's symbolism remains Hindu when she writes of "A caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven." Not mere limited quotation may show how exquisitely she attunes the language of the conquerors to this cosmic Indian world. Colors and scents and sounds are sensitively translated from the garish reality of their native environment. In comparison with Mrs. Naidu, not simplicity alone makes the exoticism of Laurence Hope seem truly meretricious. Mrs. Naidu's song for the Bazaars of Hyderabad, synthetises the variety of life and color and movement flowing past each street communally devoted to a particular trade or produce in an Indian *bāzār*. Though an *émancipée,* the tender dignity with which Mrs. Naidu phrases the spirit of some of her Hindu religious festivals recalls all the mysticism and

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beauty that is now rare in a creed where so many of the cults have degenerated.

One of the popular legends in late Hindu mythology is that of Krishna's sport with the *gopīs* or milkmaids—a story with all the sensuous charm of the Greek, with the same undercurrent of religious mysticism. Here are verses from the song of Rādhā, Krishna's mistress, after Mrs. Naidu's visit to his shrine at Mathurā. Krishna, the divine cowherd and musician, usually represented in Indian art as playing the flute, is also known as Govinda; and the worshippers of his image pilgrim, as all India yearly pilgrims to various shrines, to his holy ground on the banks of the Jumna.

I carried my pots to the Mathurā tide. . .
How gaily the rowers were rowing!
My comrades called " Ho! let us dance, let us sing
And wear saffron garments to welcome the spring,
And pluck the new buds that are blowing."
But my heart was so full of your music, Beloved,
They mocked when I cried without knowing:
Govinda! Govinda!
Govinda! Govinda!
How gaily the river was flowing!

I carried my gifts to the Mathurā shrine. . .
How brightly the torches were glowing!
I folded my hands at the altars to play:
" O shining ones guard us by night and by day ". . .
And loudly the conch shells were blowing.
But my heart was so lost in your worship, Beloved,
They were wroth when I cried without knowing:
Govinda! Govinda!
Govinda! Govinda!
How brightly the river was flowing!

In a " Rājpūt Love Song " she recaptures all the passionate chivalry of this proud desert race:

O Love! were you the hooded hawk upon my hand that flutters,
Its collar band of gleaming bells atinkle as I ride,
O Love! were you a turban-spray or floating heron-feather,
The radiant, swift, unconquered sword that swingeth at my side.

O Love! were you a shield against the arrows of my foemen,
An amulet of jade against the perils of the way,
How should the drum-beats of the dawn divide me from your bosom
Or the union of the midnight be ended with the day?
. . . . . , ...
Haste, O wild-bee hours, to the garden of the sunset!
Fly, wild-parrot day, to the orchards of the west!
Come, O tender night, with your sweet, consoling darkness,
And bring my Beloved to the shelter of my breast!

Choice, and of small compass, there is no mistaking her authentic inspiration. Mrs. Naidu distills the spirit of her ancient country, the absorption of its religions in contact with western idealism.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

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The Unfinished Play-House

The Night Cometh, by Paul Bourget. Translated from the French by G. Frederic Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

THE house became suddenly gloomy that summer morning, and no one had time for my questions. I found Sister's door ajar, but when I tried to enter they pushed me gently aside. As I stood there, hesitating, expectant, she turned her white face toward me. I was cross, for if she had wanted me to come she would have called my name. Stealing out, I ran down to the big cottonwood tree to think it over. Was it because her eyes were blue and her hair gold they let her lie in our best four-poster bed? I envied her, for my cheeks were grimy and my hair was always in tangles and my eyes persistently black. Within the little play-house of brick she and I had begun to build under the tree, just yesterday, I fell asleep. At noon when I came back they were going from room to room, softly calling me. But I did not understand what they said, for they spoke to me of death. What was death? It was beauty, like the sad smile on my mother's lips when she had seen me come. It was mystery, like the breath of the summer wind that dried my cheek. It was change, like the summer sky so deep and far whose shifting blues had shrunk into an ominous black. I slipped out of our silent home and back to my cottonwood tree. Death was there. I looked at the little play-house and I knew it would never be finished. For I was alone. And then occurred the most fatal of childhood tragedies. I grew wise beyond my years. With the merciless delusion of youth, I understood the

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meaning of death. Death was universal: death was the end of all.

To-night, upon reading M. Paul Bourget's "The Night Cometh," an extraordinary tale of love and death, I have seen my unfinished play-house again. The scene is different; the drama is conceived on a scale that includes all mankind. For it is wartime and it is to-day. The play-house has become a French Military Hospital, in the Rue Saint Guillaume. In the background are soldiers fighting, fighting in the trenches from Lille to Verdun. The human lava that poured forth with enthusiasm to the front is sent back to the hospital in cattle-trucks to die, steeped in foul odors of sweat and blood. M. Ortegue, the famous head surgeon, performs miracles, all the while stilling in his own soul the cankering truth that the most dreadful of all diseases will have completed its ravages in his own body and soul within a few weeks at the most. His wife, the beautiful Catherine, ministers to the wounded, never once betraying the love-pact with her husband to commit suicide on the day of his death, that together they may go to the eternal annihilation. Her young cousin, Lieutenant Le Gallic, is stretched out on a bed in the hospital, his head enveloped in several layers of gauze, there to hope, to suffer, to die. The liberal Abbé Courmont receives confessions from the dying, murmurs prayers over those that are dead.

The voice of religion is heard in the faith of the Abbé and of the young lieutenant: death is only change. The voice of patriotism, in the heavy breathing, the moans, the suppressed sighs of the soldiers who had given their lives for an ideal: death is beauty. The voice of love and human devotion is heard in Catherine's sacrifice which yields to fear, "He cannot stop, poor man! There is only me in the world who can help him, by walking by his side, and by lying near to him in his tomb"; death is mystery. Finally the cry of science, in the scepticism of Ortegue: death is the end of all. "I desire no other survival than that my name be attached to a scientific discovery, small or great . . . That is the only immortality." He laughed at the thought that a god, in his justice and goodness, was presiding over the massacres. Religion and the war were irreconcilable. Mockingly he cried: "But the Gospel—applied to someone who returns from the battle-field! I don't often read that book, to whose most astonishing success in the publishing world I bow. I recollect, however, a certain Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

What is death? Is it beauty, mystery, change? Is it a prolongation or a termination—consummation or annihilation? M. Bourget's story, exquisitely told, does not give the answer. The beautiful Catherine cries, "When I am worn out with fatigue, after being on day and night duty, I say to myself: 'If Le Gallic's belief is true, if there is another world, if my husband's soul is not extinct, if it is in suffering somewhere, perhaps the little help I give others will fall on him.' It is but a wish and full of doubt. When I give way to it, an inexpressible feeling of calm fills me, as though a word of thanks were coming to me from somewhere . . . But whence?"

What is life? A play-house that death leaves unfinished. Sometimes we call it home; again we call it work. Then suddenly something happens and our vision widens: the play-house is civilization, and death is war. Its sweep is cataclysmic. A.

[NOTE: We regret that our reviewer of "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson, mistakenly identified the author with William Henry Hudson, critic and historian.—The Editors.]

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